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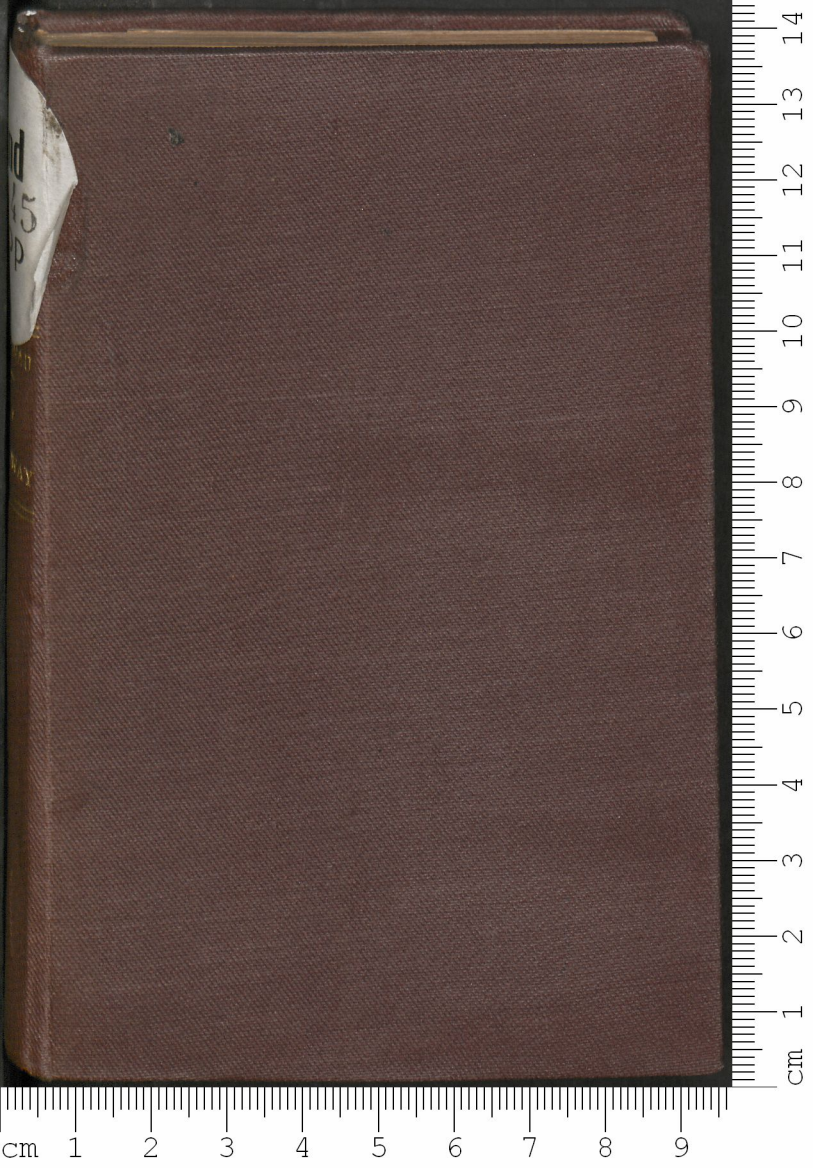
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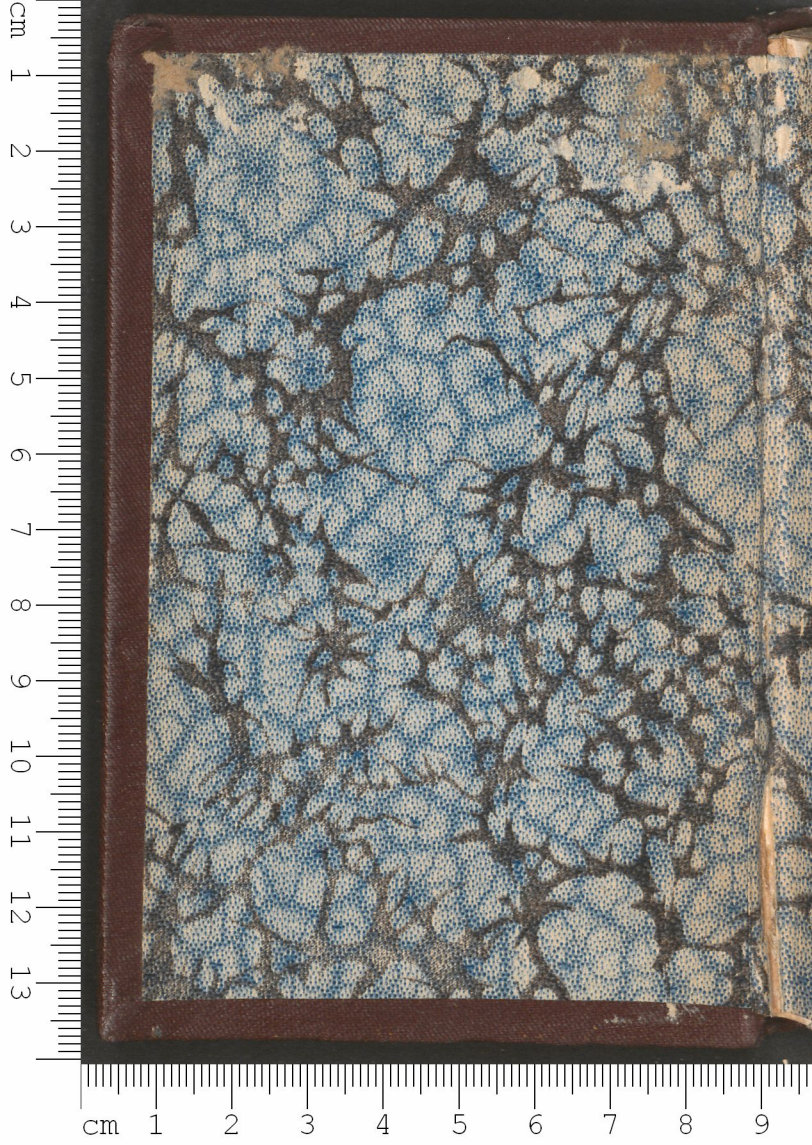
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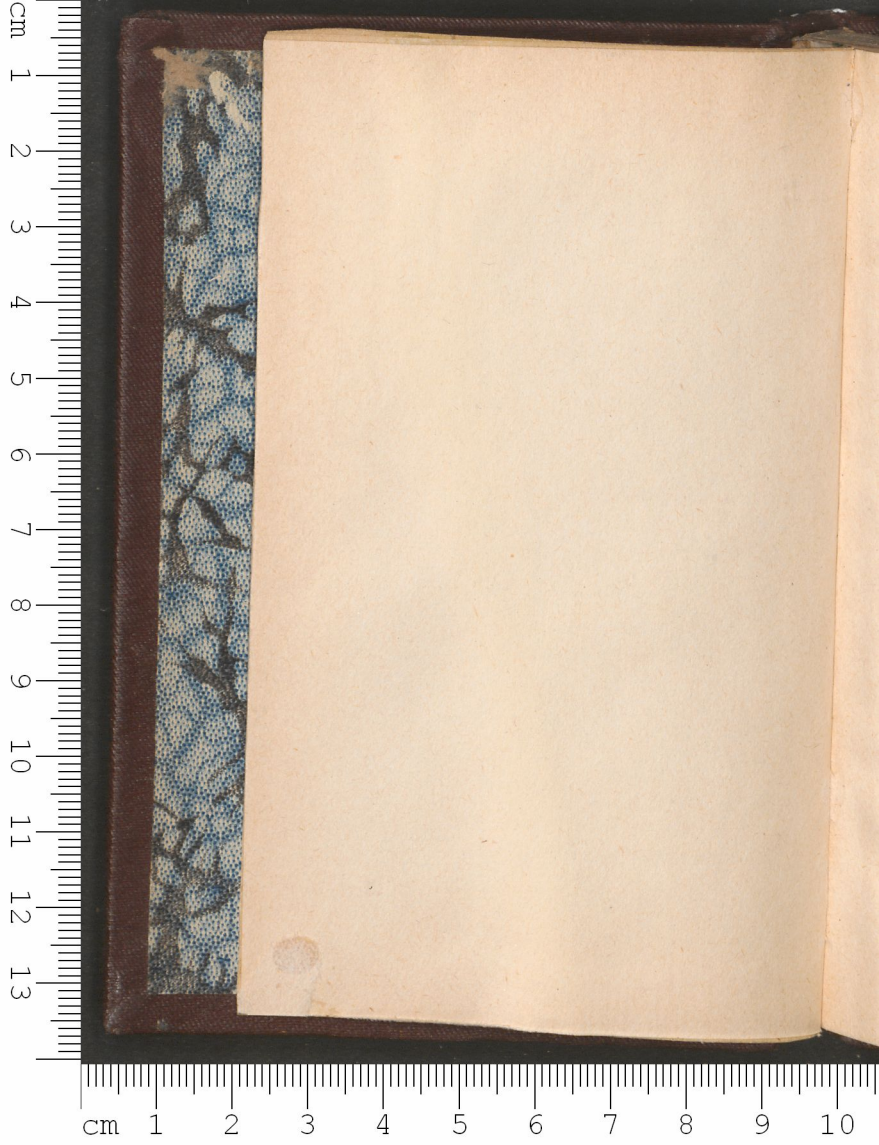


















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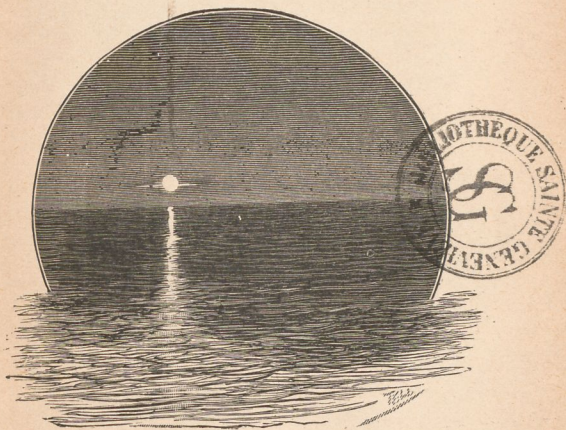


# IN NORWAY

Translated from the French with the Author's permission

BY

FLORENCE BELKNAP



BRENTANO

NEW-YORK — PARIS

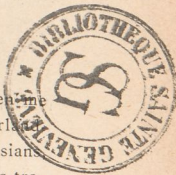
*The photographs of this volume have been taken,  
for the most part, from the plates of the author and  
those of the vicomtesse de Savigny.*



## IN NORWAY

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FOR a long time past, two things have given me a horror of the conventional tour in Switzerland. In the first place, one finds too many Parisians which is an irremediable evil (for any serious traveller) and one that is destined to augment in exact ratio with the development of that most disagreeable institution : the circular ticket. In the second place, the necessity of unpacking one's valise every





evening, and repacking it every morning; the difficulty in the choice of an hotel, combined with the uncertainty of knowing if the hotel chosen will be full; the daily bleeding of the hotel keeper; a new labyrinth of staircases and corridors to become acquainted with, to say nothing of the new faces, which in spite of oneself, one is forced to study; the incessant going to and fro of the omnibus to the boat, to the railway carriage, to the suburban railway, etc., all constitute a series of such odious vexations and irritations, that the most incomparable beauties of Nature are powerless to counterbalance them. A clever draughtsman of great imagination, Robida, if I am not mistaken, once excited my envious regrets in sketching an hotel, which was none other than the car of a monstrous balloon.

Once installed in this caravansary, as airy as comfortable, you could establish yourself with as much ease as in your own house.

Without leaving the balcony of your window, you could fathom the blue crevices of the glacier, shoot chamois, watch the games of the marmots on the unattainable heights; and throw pebbles into the blue crystal lakes surrounded by pines. What would you think of that? Would it not be the ideal tour of Switzerland? Unfortunately, you say, the

hotel of which I speak, exists only on the pages of an album of fancy sketches.

Very well, undeceive yourselves. Something of the kind does exist in reality, in proof of which, I am writing these lines on one of the tables of its smoking room. From my balcony, yesterday alone, some half-dozen cascades, two or three glaciers, and fifty or sixty leagues of admirable country, passed before my eyes. For several weeks these wonders will continue. — But I will no longer let you fancy I am romancing.

In reality I have taken a cabin on a large steamer, which left London on the fifteenth day of June to visit the fjords of Norway, the coasts of Lapland, and the North Cape, and which will bring us back to the point of departure upon the day fixed, all for a very moderate sum.

Thus, you see, the idea is quite possible; and very soon it will become general, having originated, as one might suppose, in the practical English mind. But it is a little too soon to shout victory, for we have only just started. The continuation of these notes (those who are acquainted with me, know me to be as impartial, as truthful) will show whether or no I have skinned my hare before catching it.

I will spare you the account of our journey from Paris to London.

Still, how many things might be said about the first few miles of this pleasure trip.

It is the unknown, with all the charm imagination can lend it. It is the delight of a vacation, the renouncing of obligations of all sorts, the shaking off for a few months of all the commonplace conventionalities of life. It means rays of new light to illumine the mind : fresh air for the lungs, a short time for thinking, and for — souvenirs. This *would be* crossing from Calais to Dover is always amusing, on account of the comedy of sea-sickness played in full daylight, and exhibiting itself fearless of censure. On large steamers the subjects are prone to disappear whilst under-going these ridiculous contortions, which, as a rule make one a caricature.

Sea-sickness must be a most disagreeable thing, judging from the vows which escape (with something else) from livid lips. — “ Oh ! if ever I am caught doing this again. ” “ It is the last time ! ” “ Yet I have crossed from Havre to Honfleur without inconvenience, and as a rule I am a good sailor, but to-day I am not up to the mark. ”

A Frenchman must always chatter, even when he is sea-sick. An Englishman performs that duty without saying a word, and with a stoicism that is almost sublime ; I have only to see a passenger direct his footsteps towards the railing, in order to



tell, on which side of the channel he is born.

Each time I revisit London, I notice that its non-resemblance with Paris diminishes. In the first place, since we have everywhere steam-engines for producing electricity, our atmosphere has become almost as thick as that of our neighbor across the Channel. Then our women copy in a great measure London fashions in their walking costumes. In short, even the middle class Englishwoman dresses better than formerly, eccentric toilets are rarer, really jaunty ones no longer scarce. With regard to the number of pretty faces however, the Parisian boulevards still carry off the palm. Nothing is more elegant and distingué than a dinner in aristocratic London society during the season.

Above all, the laying and decoration of the table convinces you that you have crossed the Channel. There are more flowers; the plate is more massive; perhaps too, the women are dressed in richer materials, such as they would wear in Paris at an evening reception in the middle of winter. The light, dainty toilets donned by the Parisians for Spring dinners seem to me to be little known in London. It must be confessed that this week we have shivered, and everywhere fires are in vogue.

But it is time to set off!

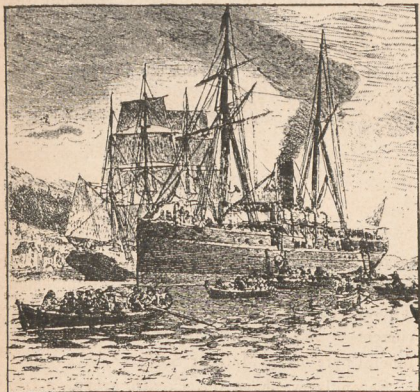
On Wednesday morning, the fifteenth of June,

the train carried us to Tilbury Docks, on the Thames, twenty-two miles from London, where the *Garonne* was anchored, the floating hotel, 400 feet long and of 3,000 horse-power, which is about to convey a band of joyous tourists. (I admit that "joyous tourist" like "bold explorer", as also, "delicate novel writer" are hackneyed terms; the adjectives really mean nothing, but without them the phrase is lame.) In fact these tourists make no demonstrations of their gaiety at all, for the very good reason that they are English, with five exceptions only. Firstly there is the American group, composed of two widows, one quite new, to judge by the « widow's cap » which sits marvelously well on her very beautiful blonde hair; the other, much mellowed, and serving to chaperon her companion. This voyage is evidently intended to change the current of her ideas. Is this not better than the funeral pyre of the Malabar Suttees?

Secondly we have the French group, a trio, such as, with due respect, I would wish everyone to meet in travelling. The vicomte and vicomtesse de Savigny, and myself. We are near relations, which is good, and great friends, which is better. Moreover, the best compliment I can pay this excellent and charming couple is to say that they joined me at my earnest solicitation.



I have always made it a rule in my long trips to exclude absolutely all companionship, save with one happy exception, as those of my indulgent



*The "Garonne."*

readers know, who are acquainted with my Odyssey round the world.

Every one now disappeared into his or her state-room to arrange their belongings. Mine, I

had the satisfaction of having alone, and I arranged my few lares et penates as in a veritable apartment. Behold me in quiet and comfort for a month, and now for the deck, to enjoy the trip down the Thames, for we have already hove anchor, without having heard the least noise, which augurs well for our good seamen, and for those in command. Let us hope that it will not be the fate of the *Garonne* to be :

*Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,  
But never came to shore !*

Now the river has become so much wider that the banks are barely perceptible, a fact which need not be deplored, judging by what we have already seen. The day is cloudy, almost cold. Savigny, the most chilly of yachtsmen, has exchanged his summer overcoat for a medium weight, only to appear a few minutes later enveloped in his winter one : reassuring me as to the future by confiding the information that he holds in reserve a pelisse lined with bearskin, and some plaids. The vicomtesse, her photographic apparatus in hand, turns towards the sun her eloquent eyes, of which, old blasé that he is, he takes no notice.

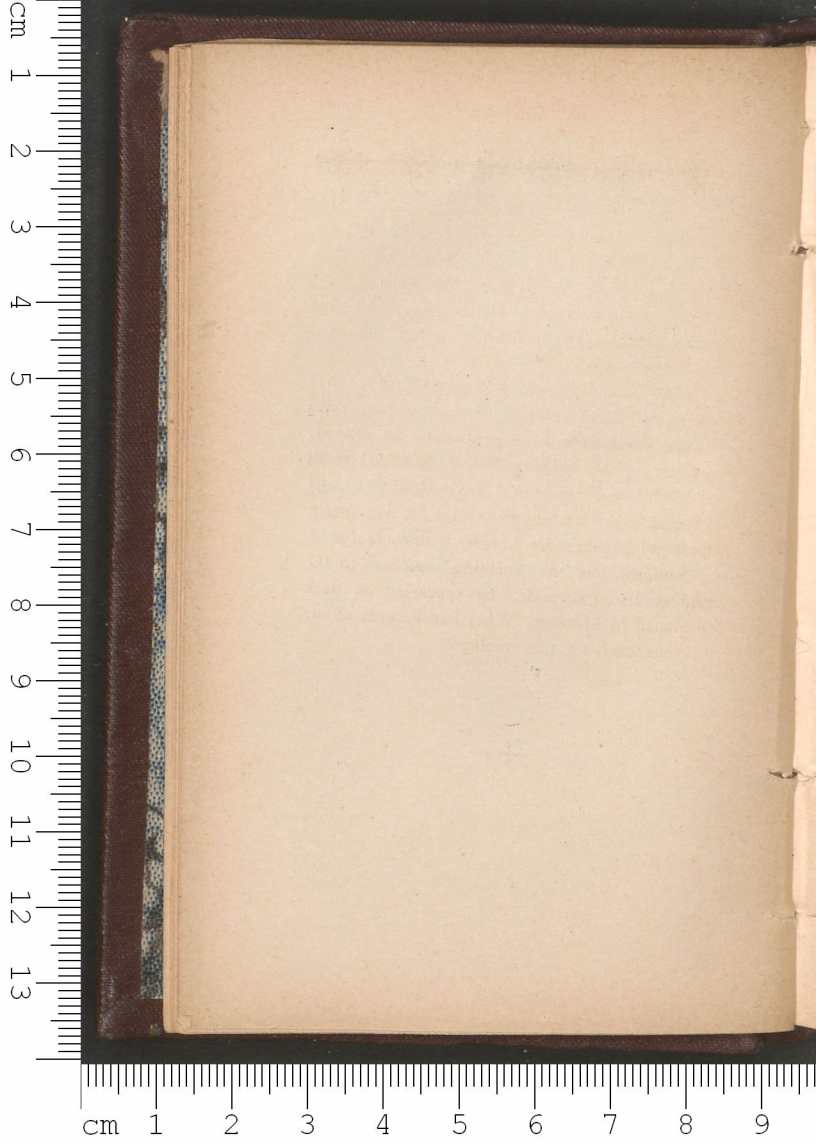
Towards seven o'clock in the evening, (we set off at noon), the pilot left us, and the *Garonne* headed for the North Cape. All goes well.

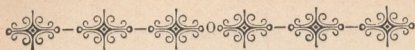
The scarcely perceptible rolling, which is caused by the light wind, has in no wise incommoded our dinners.

Our dining saloon was brilliant with electric lights. Quite a number of our lady passengers donned light silk blouses pleasing to the eye, in color, if not in outline. But alas! We must resign ourselves; for the combined forces of England and America have been able to furnish but few pretty travelling companions. France, which, triumphs in this particular on the *Garonne*, deserves stronger competitors.







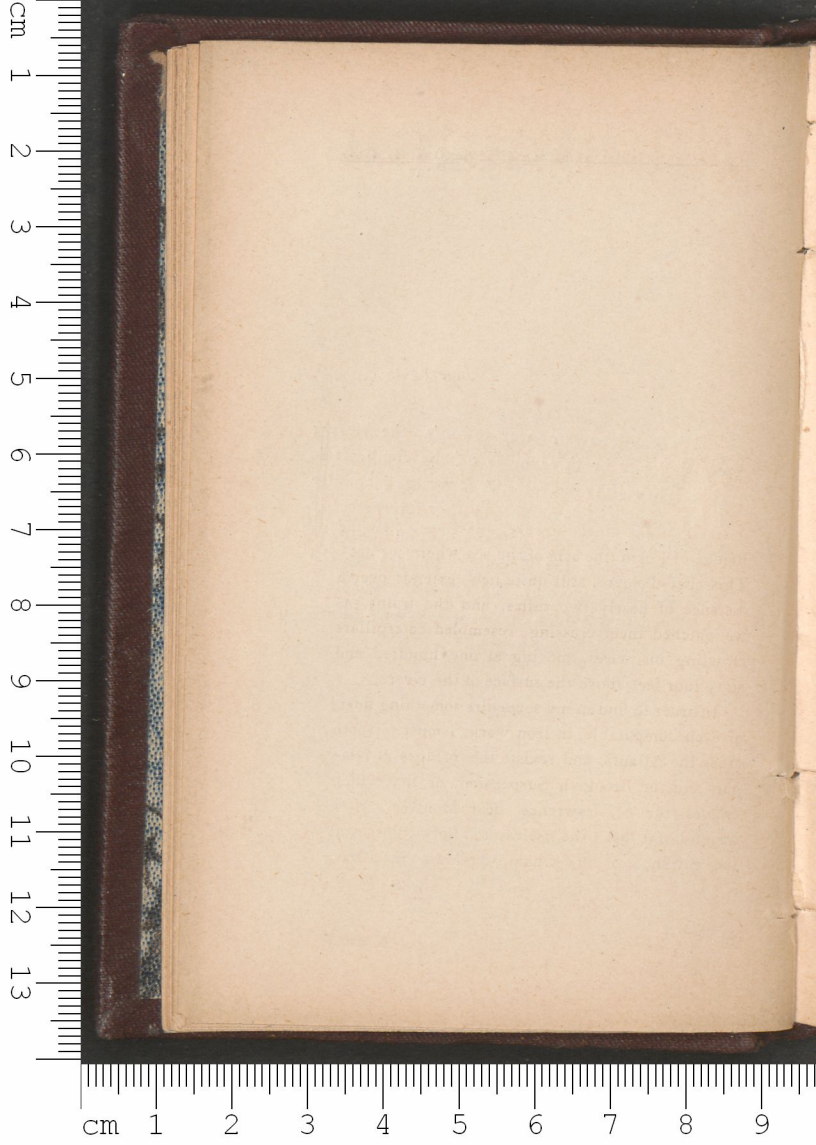


*June 16.*

We continue our way towards the North; coasting two or three miles off the shore. It is cold. The rolling increases. A few cases (naturally it is understood I do not mean yellow fever) secretly develope. But there are no roses without thorns.

Savigny puts the finishing touches to the general discouragement, by appearing on deck enveloped in his furs. What has become of our "joyous tourists", this evening?







*June 17.*

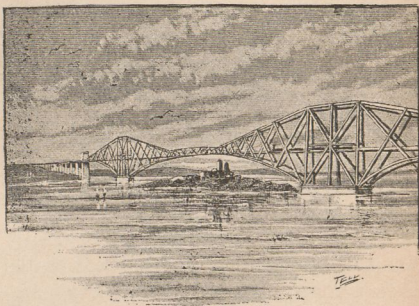
**W**<sup>E</sup> have awakened in the port of Edinburg, or more geographically speaking, in that of Leith. Our stay is too short to admit of going ashore. A small steam-launch, however, takes us to view the Bridge of Forth (the arm of the sea where we are). This chef-d'œuvre, still quite new, extends over a distance of nearly two miles, and the trains, as we watched them crossing, resembled caterpillars crawling on wires, moving at one hundred and sixty four feet above the surface of the river.

In order to find in my souvenirs something finer, or even comparable, in iron work, I must forsooth cross the Atlantic and revisit the bridges at Niagara and the Brooklyn Suspension, or that which crosses the St.-Lawrence near Montreal. How insignificant looks the useless and ugly colossus at the entrance of the Champ-de-Mars in Paris,



compared with these wonders, forerunners, let us hope, of the much-talked of Channel Viaduct.

We raised anchor at eleven o'clock, leaving



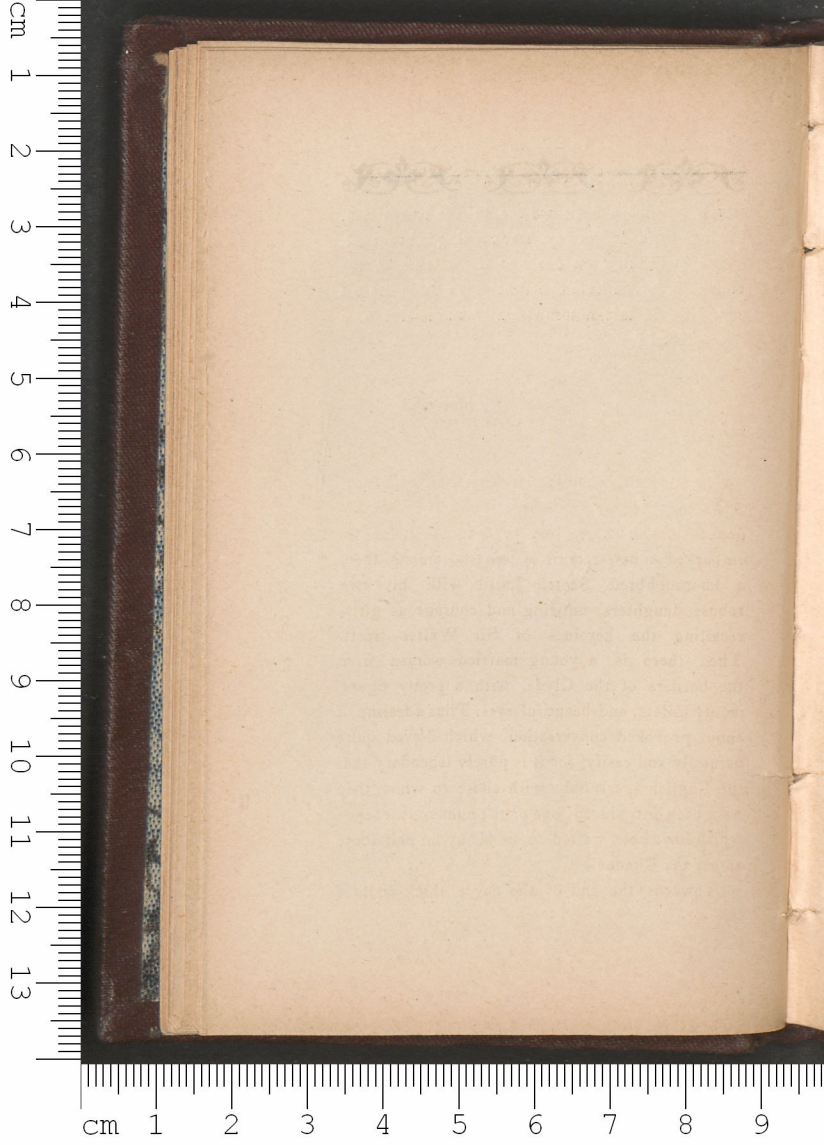
*The Bridge of Forth.*

the Firth of Forth, and passing quite near to the famous " Bass Rock ", an immense vertical mass of stone, white with sea-gulls. A discharge from the cannon puts them all to flight. For several minutes the sky is darkened like the gathering of black clouds, which precedes a thunder



storm. By one o'clock we are in the North Sea, heading towards Norway. The evening is beautiful. There is dancing on deck to the strains of our orchestra, for we have one that plays three times a day. Now is this not sufficiently suggestive of a Swiss Hotel ?







*June 18.*

**A**N agreeable calm for crossing the North Sea; but the day seems wearisome to the novice unaccustomed to long sea voyages. At Leith we embarked a new recruit of tourists, among them a thoroughbred Scotch Laird with his two robust daughters, untiring and courageous girls, recalling the heroines of Sir Walter Scott. Then there is a young married woman from the borders of the Clyde, with a pretty figure, jaunty toilets, and beautiful eyes. Thus a feeling of ennui provoked conversation, which flowed quite naturally and easily, for it is purely legendary that the English speak only with those to whom they have been introduced, one of the numerous legends which have been wafted to us about our neighbors across the Channel.

Towards the end of the day a thick wall of

mist announced the Norwegian land, which suddenly appeared one or two miles off.

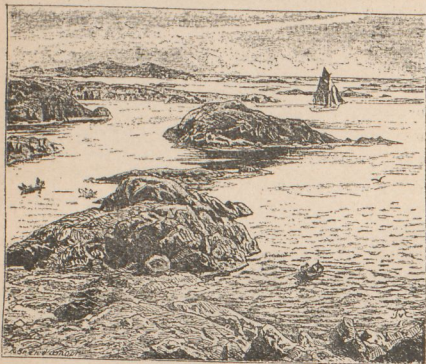
Without an instant's hesitation, our pilot steered us between low-lying islands of uninviting aspect, formed of a pile of dark rocks which seemed to float on grey water.

The view is very characteristic and resembles nothing that I have ever seen in any other country of the world. Interest is awakened as at the beginning of a sensational chapter. But already we are entering one of the innumerable fjords we must visit.

The chains of the interior hills of only a few hundred feet high are yet capped with snow as though they attained the same altitude as the Swiss Mountains. In short the more we advance, the more marked becomes this resemblance with the Helvetian Country. The banks of the fjords are very close, not more than six hundred and twenty six feet apart and are covered with a vegetation of an intense green. A few isolated houses appear, some villages with their church, then small towns spring up at the water's edge ; nearly all are built of wood. It requires almost an effort of the will not to imagine ourselves sailing on the lakes of Thun or Wallen. Fancy, it is ten o'clock in the evening, but objects are still perfectly visible ;



it is quite easy to read, the effect of the high latitude in which we already are, 59 degrees, being about six hundred and eighty five miles North of Paris.



*Reefs off the Norwegian coast.*

A fjord is an arm of the sea, very narrow, and very deep (peculiar to the country) penetrating into the interior of the Norwegian land, perhaps as far as fifty leagues. To this extraordinary cutting out of the coasts, we owe the means of being able to

travel over, as we propose doing, a part of the dominions of His Majesty, king Oscar, on a steamer designed for Australian voyages. But it is time to go to bed, for I now see this deceitful twilight will continue all night. As I am on the point of extinguishing my electric light, my door is opened. It is Savigny who claims my services as interpreter. He has asked (by signs) for the regulation ladder to mount to the high bunk of his cabin, and the steward, not understanding one word of French, has presented to him on a tray — a corkscrew. I congratulate my companion on his natural aptitude for the art of pantomime, and advise him to ferret out his dictionary in view of his next voyage.





*June 19.*

NORWAY is the Switzerland of the North! I hear this comparison reiterated twenty times an hour!

I willingly admit this, more especially if one adds that Norwegian Switzerland is a diminutive of the other. For myself, I declare that Norway is a Japanese Switzerland, minus the flowers and the charming little "geshas", who are always laughing, while the Norwegian never laughs. In no other spot in the world is one so enveloped by cold Lutheran austerity. Well! said one of our passengers, had you, like myself, travelled in the boats of this country, you would understand the cold austerity (?) of these little Norwegian maidens. Good heavens! Then where on earth can virtue be found? More especially is the little port of Odde, where we have just cast anchor, and which is situated at the end of the fjord, an



exact copy of the village of Malaja, at the foot of the lake of Sils in the Upper Engadine.

Here, as there, are to be found the snowy summits almost within reach, only the lake of Sils is nearly six thousand feet high, while the fjord, an actual arm of the sea, has its altitude at zero.

The difference in the level of the snowy regions is the result of the difference in the latitudes. We are within a few minutes of the parallel of St.-Petersburg (60°), in other words, seven hundred and forty-five miles North of Paris.

You can guess how this most Northernly latitude saves fatigue and steps, for one who is hunting after the picturesque.

Here is the little Lutheran church of Odde, built in wood and painted a most dazzling white. The dominical service is about to commence, the faithful are flocking there, some on foot, some in karioles, and others in fleets of light boats, which look like black points on the surface of the fjord. The young girls, glowing with health, are clothed in black skirts, and red bodices, and from the puffed sleeves appears a chemisette as white as snow. Nothing covers their blonde hair, which falls in a rather short plait. The married woman, on the contrary, wears on the head a monumental coiffe very wide falling on the shoulders in thick



plaits, reminding one of a merchantship in full sail. The ensemble is spotless and pretty. I expected to see these same women and girls form and group themselves, and without preamble begin the chorus " *Quel jour serein* " from *William Tell*.

In truth the weather is admirable. A perfect Spring morning. The sight of the luxuriant green meadows, and of the fields, where the crops are just visible by a thick low vegetation, makes me sigh when I think of the yellow parched fields we have left in France. The fruit trees are all rose and white; the lilacs not yet in flower. How can all these become in two months hay, ripe fruit, and golden grain? Simply because during that time the uninterrupted sunshine will hasten this mysterious work. The country is like those large establishments where the indefatigable professor, in a few weeks, metamorphoses a dull boy into an A. B. But the church doors are closed on us lost bretheren. The French trio continue their walk, reaching a little lake which we cross in a few turns of the paddle-wheel.

For an hour and a half we follow a pathway as easy as a garden walk, and it is here we see the very picturesque glacier of Buarbrai, whose beautiful blue crevices glisten in the sunshine; not twenty steps from the balcony of the pretty new inn, which,

all bedecked with flags, seems to have sprung from a box of toys. The not less pretty hostess, in a red bodice serves our breakfast, chatting with me all the while in fairly good English. For in this, as in all other countries of the world the boatman, coachman, innkeeper, even the bric-à-brac merchants understand, more or less the language of Shakespeare. The return from the Buarbrai is easily accomplished. Do you remember the fearful anxiety attendant upon the ascent of a glacier in Switzerland? The necessary restraining of the guides; the awakening at three o'clock in the morning; the blistering of one's feet, and the frightful fatigue! Here one breakfasts at a glacier as easily as one would eat trout under the "tent of Ledoyen", but this unfortunate people are still in ignorance of "la sauce verte", that *poison*, doubtless invented by the doctors in order to increase their practice. But to find the nearest physician, the lucky inhabitants of Odde are forced to go twenty-five miles. To judge from their appearance they seldom require the services of the disciple of Æsculapius.





June 20.

A lazy peaceful morning on board. Already, thanks to the Norwegian air, our Parisian stomachs are equal to the nourishing regime of the *Garonne*, which is really formidable. First, tea or coffee, *ad libitum*, on awakening; secondly, at nine o'clock, breakfast, beginning with delicious Scotch porridge, followed by eggs, fish, and a half-a-dozen cold or hot meats; thirdly, at one o'clock, luncheon, which quite resembles breakfast minus the porridge; fourthly, tea at four o'clock, served simply with toast and cakes; fifthly, at seven o'clock, an abundant and plentiful dinner, as the principal repast of the day should be; sixthly and lastly, at ten o'clock, a cup of tea or something hot, a good night, and the stomach is quite ready to rest.

The English sustain this allowance with remarkable ease. But we must not be in a hurry to throw stones, or to exclaim at greediness. In such



matters it is all a question of climate. Our Marseillais, though endowed with the greatest appetite, would die of an attack of indigestion, at the table of a "Franc-comtois mountaineer". The inexorable critic on the habits of a foreign nation seldom fails to display either narrowness of mind, or great ignorance. Our afternoon was passed in taking a most charming drive in the famous Norwegian kariole, a sort of racing wagon, very light, with two wheels and a single seat shaped like a shell. To this high vehicle is harnessed a horse certainly far from handsome, but hardy, and nearly always cream, coffee, or chamois color, set off with black spots.

This indefatigable animal, as sure footed as the mule, seems to be first cousin to the Breton hack, except that he wears a straight stiff mane like the zebra.

Behind, on a sort of board, the coachman pro tem, (usually a lad) is seated guiding the equipage, the reins being passed under each arm of his patron. Up the slightest ascent they go at a snail's pace, but down the steepest decline they rattle at a break-neck speed. A warning to nervous tourrists, who need to cuirass themselves with courage. The aim of our excursion is the picturesque inn perched up between the two cascades, Lotofos and Skarefos, the

spray of which necessitates the use of an umbrella the moment one steps outside of the house : opposite on the other side of the narrow valley, springs a third cascade, "Espelandsfos". The spot some-



*Norwegian kariole.*

what resembles the bridge in Spain so well known to the bathers of Cauterets. But here we arrive by a charming road, almost perfectly level, and which runs parallel to the beautiful lake of Sandonband.

And now I will no longer talk of karioles or

cascades, except when occasion demands. There are too many of the latter in Norway, as there are too many temples in Japan, too many ruins in Egypt, and too many statues in Paris. *Ne quid nimis!*







*June 21.*

THE city of Bergen, where we arrived this morning, is separated from the sea by a net-work of very short fjords. It is the largest port on either the Western or Southern coast of Norway, and the centre of an immense maritime commerce, of which fish, and the proceeds of fish, are about the only source of enterprise (unless one excepts wood in its fanciful forms). It is here that the fisherman of the Northern regions of the Lofoden islands, carry their smoked and salted cargoes; their whale and cod oil, the sea blubber, etc. The sum total of the transactions operated in this city of 50,000 inhabitants is formidable. I counted there five first-class banks.

From the thirteenth century, the Hanseatic League of which the headquarters (as we should call it to day) were situated at Lübeck, owned in Bergen an establishment, where three thousand members of

this all-powerful corporation entirely monopolized the exchanges. Nothing was more strange than the laws of these grasping merchants, which compelled them to celibacy under penalty of expulsion, in order to avoid the introduction of local influence into the common interests of the League. One of the houses that they occupied in the Middle Ages, preserved in this place under the name of the Hanseatic Museum, is by no means one of the least of Bergen's curiosities. It may be compared, according to Bibliophile-Savigny, to the Plantin Museum at Anvers. Mr Olsen does the honors of this museum, which is his own, in the most entertaining manner. The expression alone of his physiognomy upon disclosing the entrance to a certain "concealed staircase", is a good satire on the way that some of these Hanseatic merchants understood *certain* of these statutes that I have mentioned above.

A public museum, much larger and much newer, but not nearly so well arranged, (one feels here the need of another Mr Olsen), contains every conceivable thing: everything is found there, from a whale's skeleton to the tiny slipper of the grande dame of the last century thrown pell-mell with the almost fabulous souvenirs of the Viking warriors, (the Normandy pirates of our history), who so many times sailed up our rivers and left their name and

race to the most beautiful of our provinces, Nor-  
mandy.



*View of Bergen.*

In addition all this, the entire city of Bergen presents extraordinary features. From the midst of a mass of wooden houses, the exclusive material used throughout Norway, spring up magnificent



edifices built in stone, brightened by gay shops. Around a public garden, which crowns one of the seven hills of the city, some Bergenese millionaires have erected residences, which would not be an unpleasing feature in the "Parc Monceau". On the other hand, the Royal-Castle is relegated to the back-ground, and merely to look at it, is enough to give one a cold in the head or to produce melancholia.

To sum up, Bergen is a charming place in itself, still more so in its environs and summer dress, and, *when* it does not rain. Unfortunately, the winter period lasts two-thirds of the year, and the rain-fall in the course of the twelve months amounts to about six feet and a half.

The surrounding fjords afford an incredible harvest to the fisherman. As they say in Marseilles, "It is all fish", and *such* fish! It arrives at the Quai alive, and passes instantly from the smack of the Stril, (the Norwegian fisherman), who caught it an hour before, into the housewife's basket. Leaning on the iron balustrade, she points out the kind she prefers among the mass huddled together in the bottom of the boat. There are thousands of boats, thousands of housewives, and hundreds of thousands of fish.

Parisians, with their dainty appetites, would

recoil in horror before this avalanche. Bergen, however, accepts it quite stoically, and only asks the



*Fish Market at Bergen.*

privilege of recommending. Tourists, take my advice, be sure and visit the fish-market of Bergen; if you would also take that of Savigny, go to an hotel,

and eat some slices of salmon that only a short time since you saw leap from the vigorous hand of the Stril.

But, by the way, beware of the so-called "old silver" you find heaped up on the counters of the antique shops. With regard to positive trickery, the "honest Norwegian" could teach even our old dogs some new tricks. I was on the point of weeping at the account of a poor gentleman, fallen into decay, who offered me, with tears in his eyes, the last pieces from his own family sideboard. This poor gentleman I have since learned was an impostor, whose family had become rich at the expense of strangers.





June 22.

WE arrived at Gudwangen at ten o'clock in the morning. Fourteen hours have been sufficient to return to the open sea, follow the coast in a Northerly direction, and re-enter the fjord at Naerö, a veritable marine alley, whose sloping walls, three thousand two hundred and eighty feet high are in some places only sufficiently wide to allow a free passage of the *Garonne*. Some of the passengers, (the Savignys among the number), preferred to reach Gudwangen from Bergen by railway and carriage, thus, traversing but one side of a square, whilst the steamer made the détour of the other three. Scarcely had we put foot on the shore than the sailor passengers in their turn mounted karioles, and went flying along to meet the indefatigable "sight-seers," who had quietly slept at the hotel at Stalheim.

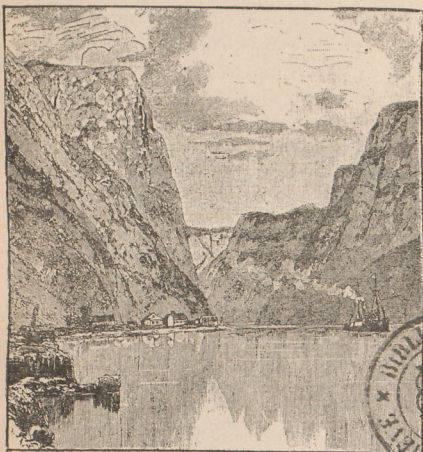
After an hour's drive along a road which was not

unlike that from Pierrefitte to Cauterets, my light vehicle stopped, *not* because I had reached the point of interest, there remaining a frightfully tough bit to climb, but according to local custom, the "conveying" of a visitor to Stalheim, in reality means his doing that "tough bit" on foot.

The remainder was a matter of half an hour for well-trained legs. But we did not complain. The toothsome breakfast which awaited us seemed all the better for it. Quite soon enough will the ignoble little railway, which already disfigures the picturesque points of Switzerland, (and menaces Luchon), unfold the greasy ribbon of its rails. Even now arise on every side hotels, where electricity reigns supreme, where the little waitress in her red bodice speaks English, and where the bill of the hotel keeper destroys our last illusions as to old-fashioned honesty. Already these caravansaries, too well varnished and bedecked, suggest serious reflections to the philosopher on the future of this country, formerly so esteemed for its primitive habits.

These Lutheran ministers are not mistaken when they rail against the bad example of the British sinner, so little considerate for the comfort of others the moment he sets foot out of his own country. I fear that the tickets of Cook's Agents, alone, do more towards the demoralisation of the

Universe in one season, than all the missionary tracts in the world could do towards reforming them

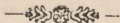


*Gudvangen.*

in the same space of time. Civilization is the daughter of Religion, but one has known daughters



kill their mothers. The view from Stalheim, an isolated resting place, where we found our indefatigable "sight-seers", quite happy over their "short cut" is a really fine panorama. At our feet, the net-work of roads from Gudevaugen capriciously unfolds itself in the declivity of the valley, overlooked by the black cliffs, capped by snow, and veined by innumerable cascades, of which one, "Sivlefos", deserves especial mention. The distance by land from Bergen to Gudvangen is sixty-seven miles. By boat it is a little more than twice that distance. We left Gudvangen at four o'clock in the afternoon. There was a lively dance on board after dinner, into which the young people entered heart and soul. There is no necessity for lighting up, for at midnight, one can read with as much ease on deck as with us on a dull November midday.





June 23.

I wonder why we have been obliged to pass the entire day before three or four little wooden shanties which form the port of Faleite. Not but that the fjord is delicious in this spot. There are hills thickly covered with pines, with their belt of green glades, and, as though all this bright fresh verdure was not sufficient to soften the transition from the dark green of the earth to the pale blue of the sky, vast fields of snow doomed to disappear in six weeks, dazzle the eye, and complete the harmony. Darker still, nearly black indeed, is the liquid emerald over which we are drifting, so deep that the anchor remains at our bows. But the sleeping vessel has scarcely moved a fathom's length in the midst of this tranquility.

Repose, o Giant, accustomed to other scenes. Forget like us, your struggles against the furious waves and contrary winds, forget the roar, the

restlessness and dangers of the Ocean; forget even the siren's song! Sometimes it is good to lose a day. The forgetting makes us fancy life so fertile in days, when in reality it is so poor in hours!

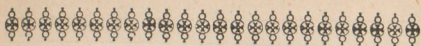
Towards evening (can one speak of evening in a country where night is unknown?) we move along lazily, almost imperceptibly. Soon the scene changes.

Here the naked rocks are high and inaccessible, some small islands all white with salt appear. We return to the Atlantic, and the steamer is again shaken by the great billows, rough in their kisses violent even in their caresses. It is midnight; the horizon is all rosy; purple in the East, purple in the West! Is it the morning smile of the maiden, who blushing steps upon the threshold of life, or the warm contentment of the young matron, who bids adieu to the evening of her girlhood, radiant in the joy of her love, and wearing the rosy smile of triumph?

This day without night has a splendid apotheosis! But nothing can ever make me forget the shower of thy stars, O, dear Orient!







*June 24.*

**F**ANCY yourself travelling on the top of an omnibus on a rainy day in a narrow street of the Marais bordered by very high houses. Such is the impression the Gerauger Fjord gave me this morning, as we follow its meanderings by steps, that is to say, at half speed, in order not to elbow the shop-windows, in reality, the rocks, which rise to a height of five or six hundred feet, and seem as though they would join above our heads. A single false turn of the helm, and we could count upon there being a smash up in which the rocks would not be the ones to suffer. To complete the simile, we must replace the flower pots of the tenants by the scanty pines perched more or less badly in the fissures of the rocks, the canaries hanging on the piazzas, by the flight of the soaring eagle, the gutters, by cascades of positive grandeur, and it is here that a whole family of them springs up from one superb

jet called "The Seven Sisters" because of their number. Anywhere else there would be cries of enthusiasm, but on this morning alone we must have seen more than fifty fosses, all baptized by impossible names. The fjord is ended by some steps easier of access where the soil enabled to retain some semblance of vegetation, is carpeted by a verdure fresh as a new born prairie.

Almost at the water's edge are some fishermen's huts, the owners of which are too poor to cover with a coating of paint the pine boards which time has rendered gloomy and hoary. But perched up high is seen the inevitable hostelry, all bedecked with colors, which invites us to its doors. But our floating hotel is more alluring; it rains in torrents. The hotel keeper up yonder will not make his fortune to-day!





June 25.

WE dropped anchor at ten o'clock this morning before Molde, pronounced to be the Norwegian Trouville. Happily for Molde, the resemblance is still very distant, even though there are two hotels, one of which rejoices in the name of « Grand », and likewise several shops, where the art of fleecing the traveller can be done very neatly. But the Lutheran church possesses a treasure. It is an altar-scene painted by a young Norwegian artist by the name of Elsen, and which represents the « The Three Marys at Christ's Tomb ». This jewel of a composition, splendid in color, fine in sentiment, brought to the artist two thousand francs. Great French masters, you who demand thirty thousand francs for painting the portrait of one Parisian, what do you say to a country where one can obtain the pictures of three holy women, with an angel thrown in, all for the small sum of one hundred louis? And



the angel alone is a chef-d'œuvre, which will for ever preserve the artist's name from oblivion.

A beautiful evening brightened by a magnificent sun which goes to bed at unheard-of-hours. The port is as lively as at midday. Numerous steamers arrive and depart. Some boats carrying the cream of Molde society approach us and come quite under our bows; from these escape the sounds of the dainty "Pizzacati of Boccherini" or the passionate "complaints of Schubert".

The landscape is bathed in this incomparable Northern light, at the same time so virginal and so warm, like certain loves. In truth could such a spot be found with us which might be the Molde of France, I should often be found there.





June 26.

FROM Molde to Naes, another small, brisk port, as bright as a decoration in an opéra-comique. This time we shall be all day faithless to the screw and will roll on the high road. Understand at the beginning, that the Romsdal (the valley of Rauma) is the "Tempé" of Norway; in other words it is the classical grouping of all the chefs-d'œuvre of the Norwegian picturesque. We must steam up this seductive Rauma, which loses itself in the fjord near Naes, this beautiful green sheet, majestically unrolling itself for the last two miles among the thick velvet of the meadows, under the shadows of the alder and hazel-nut trees. With pleasure we return to the comfortable kariole and its sympathetic driver, who naively shows the joy he feels at the thought of the clink of the "kröner" which will shortly fall into his hand. Besides, every one is happy, even the little café au lait colored nag

which carries us, as though he did it for his own pleasure. My vehicle is as yellow as the yolk of an egg : even the clergyman tourist, our travelling companion, seems to have forgotten it is Sunday, and that a good Protestant should pass that day in his arm-chair reading his Bible. The moving caravan, greatly brightened by the pretty sailor hats of the English misses, which our fashionable ones too much disdain (this observation emanates from the competent lips of the vicomtesse), is soon dispersed along the road beneath a radiant sun.

My instinct as traveller tells me we shall not have, during the entire excursion, a more perfect day. At the end of half an hour the river which we are following grows restless, seething and nervous, still farther on, and the lazy stream of a short time since, is bounding with irritation and is no longer to be recognized, for now it is a torrent ! Already the landscape has changed ten times. It is here we find some of those marvellous bits of scenery which the visitor to our " Salons " has so often admired, and which have been reproduced with such genuine love by the delicate brush of the Norwegian artist. The hills have become snowy, abrupt, jagged peaks. To the left we see the Romsdalthorn (altitude 5,000 feet) : to the right the Witches' Point



(5,904 feet) of a wild appearance. The traces of the revels of these most dangerous witches are shown in an enormous landslip of rocks as large as houses, beneath which the Rauma leaps by, roaring and untamed. Now and then for a few seconds, a calm seems to prevail in Nature. The valley widens, an occasional farm dots the prairie : the Rauma coquettishly embraces some little green islands. One thing alone is never found wanting : the cascade. Unquestionably Norway possesses more cascades than any other country in the world.

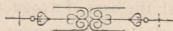
When we reach the post house of Flatbush, thirteen and a half miles from Naes, we can truthfully say we have seen, nay almost touched, all the accessories which Nature has successively employed in her *mise en scene* to produce the picturesque.

Usually in the countries known to tourists, it occupies several days of fatiguing jaunts in order to see their varied, and incongruous beauties. Here, however, it is quite the contrary, and it cannot be too often repeated, that the peculiar and special characteristic of Norwegian scenery, is to group, at short distances, most unusual wonders.

Nowhere, except in this latitude, can we see the mountain firs, side by side with the walnut tree, indigenous to the plain : the immense sides of the

glaciers, exchanging a fraternal kiss with the velvet pastures of the prairie, only a few feet from our steamer as it lies anchored in the fjord.

The Savignys and myself have played truant, in other words, we have photographed. Thus, on returning to the inn at Flatbush, we found the larder a veritable charnel-house. Once more, our friends, the English, had the "first shot". With irreproachable politeness, our amiable companions hastened to pass us the plates, which were so well cleaned, that a china merchant might with impunity have replaced them upon his shelves. "See", said Savigny to me *sotto voce*, "that is how Egypt will be on the day after its evacuation." However, we made up for it in the evening at our dinner on the *Garonne*.





*June 27.*

THE days follow, though without resemblance. Cloudy weather marks our departure from Naes at five o'clock in the morning. At half-past eight we renew our acquaintance with the beautiful swell of the Atlantic, rising slowly in heavy, grey, satiny folds. In the sky, patches of old gold show themselves, narrowing more and more, predicting rain to us, which becomes by midday stormy and violent.

However, we are passing behind a belt of microscopic islands, between which we detect the Ocean, as through the bars of a cage. On our right, the shore seems swollen by enormous rocky excrescences, behind which, hidden from us some miles lies the port of Christiansund, one of the most commercial of Norway. But the rain extinguishes our curiosity, and we continue our course: moreover an agreeable surprise diverts us in the form of an



invitation to a " Garden Party " on the *Garonne*. How can there be a " garden " on a steamer ? The question is easily answered when, at the hour of



*Christiansund.*

four, the invited guests filed below stairs to the *lower deck*, which we found brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, and decorated with cut flowers and potted plants.

Twenty or more of our passengers had selected

these accommodations in order to secure quietness and enjoy the luxury of large cabins. These "inhabitants of the *lower deck*" have invited their fellow-



*The Trondhjem Fjord.*

passengers to an afternoon entertainment. What a hospitable and original idea!

At the entrance of the "Garden", we have been received by the "Committee", who were most solicitous for our comfort. At the head of the ladies

receiving, who were quite gay in smart gowns, was the charming Mrs Whitmore, gracefully doing the honors of the tea table, with the refined dignity peculiar to a high-bred American.

And now an anchorage most interesting awaits us : Trondhjem, where we arrived at seven o'clock in the evening in a heavy shower which prevented our landing. Happily, it did not interfere with the arrival of the mail at its intended destination, the *Garonne*. Thanks to the good friends who have not forgotten the wanderers, the evening did not seem long.





June 28.

WE must make the best of landing in the rain and a heavy swell, which makes our little launch dance too much for the comfort of the ladies. We stepped right into the midst of a fair, which vividly recalled to our minds those under the French sous-préfecture. The same canvas-covered stalls spread out in the market-place, the horses themselves brought from the country and attached behind their owner's kariole. Who could count the boats entering port, no longer loaded with fish, but with men, women, and children, who seem to find this drenching rain the most natural thing in the world? But we must not expect to see the operacomique costumes of the peasant women of Odde. We are in latitude  $64^{\circ}$ . Even in this summer season, heavy dark woollen stuffs, coiffes made to defy the wind without the least consideration for appearances, are universally adopted. Trondhjem is the

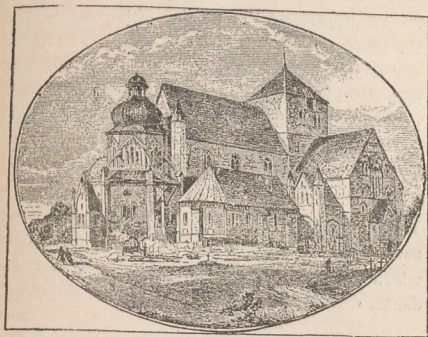
last city of Norway connected with the rest of the kingdom by a railroad. Beyond, commences that region almost ignored by the civilized world, at least for several months in the year : the Nordland.

At the same time, this pretty city, almost imposing in certain quarters, would cut a good figure anywhere with its large streets, its fine shops, its Royal-Palace (an honest palace built of wood with its perron and four steps from the pavement and having such a "comme il faut" appearance) and towering above all is the splendid Cathedral, commenced in the xith century by that sainted king, Olaf II, the Norwegian Clovis. At the present time, this majestic monument, a remarkable sample of the Gothic architecture of the North, is the object of an admirable restoration at the expense of the Government.

It must be added that according to the terms of the constitution of 1814, the king of Norway must be crowned in the cathedral of St -Olaf. When the work is completed, and indeed the enterprise is a stupendous one, Trondhjem, will possess one of the most remarkable religious monuments in the Christain world. Catholics will weep all the more to see it in the hands of heretic worshippers.

I must not forget to say that Trondhjem is a garrisoned city. The soldiers are, candidly, like the king's palace. But heavens! how can one

refrain from envying a country where the sovereign poses so little, and where the army is kept so cheap? That recalls to my mind the appalling



*The Cathedral at Trondhjem.*

statement I lately read, that the sum total spent by civilized nations in sustaining their armies represented a million francs an hour!

The greatest attraction for the tourist in this old city are the shops, and the shop-keepers know it well. No sooner has a steamer cast anchor in the



roadstead, than the passengers' pockets are stuffed with circulars of numerous merchants — dealers in furs, antique silverware, etc. By this clever manœuvre, these tradesmen reserve for themselves a sort of monopoly which, to tell the truth, they frightfully abuse. With a little hunting and cunning, the same articles can be found at half price in less showy shops. Make the trial, oh! brother tourists, and above all, do not go near that of Johan Brunn, the furrier, for there you will be fleeced indeed!

We had formed some plans for this evening to attend a café-concert. There is one here where young ladies can go, but not even the attraction of Yvette Guilbert herself would be sufficient to entice us forth against this wind, rain, and swell, which make landing not only disagreeable, but even dangerous.





*June 29*

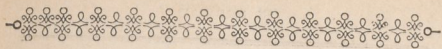
A few of the passengers risked the squalls and rocking to go early, and bid adieu to Trondhjem, which is after all perhaps a mistake, for in this, as in all other ports, nothing is equal to the view enjoyed from the vessel. Is it not a little like the happiness, as well as the struggles, of life, which always strike the imagination most from afar?

Ah! There is something we must not pass over : in the middle of the fjord is the Island of Munkholm, with its old fortress, which brings to mind the "Chateau d'If", at Marseilles. Almost contemporaneous with the old Marseilles dungeon, Munkholm had, if not its "Iron Mask", at least its state prisoner Griffenfeld, this second Bismarck out of favor, who, for eighteen years, languished behind its walls, nor were these remarkably repulsive when seen from a distance.

Some beautiful yachts are in the harbor, among them the "Fleur de Lis", carrying the count de Bardi and his family en route for Spitzburg and Greenland. We steamed off at noon. Towards six o'clock in the evening, we encountered in full force a heavy swell from the open sea. Result, a total eclipse of a number of our passengers. The orchestra persevered valliantly however in doing its duty. Alas! some of the brave fellows counted pauses not to be found in their scores. I have never so well understood the metaphor, "to vomit torrents of harmony"! Oh! how well one could sleep, rocked in this heavy swell which comes from the West, were it not for the thought of those poor fishermen of Iceland, who, unfortunately, have not, like us, the impregnable fortress of a steamer of three thousand tons to shield them!







*June 30.*

No scenery worth speaking of until noon, at which hour we crossed the Arctic circle, and entered the Lofoden canal. The mountains of these islands are cut out like shark's teeth, very black, and curiously striped by the snow, which is retained with difficulty on their almost vertical sides, unexpectedly giving to the landscape that polar appearance we so well recognize, even though we have never seen it before. Some of these peaks have an elevation 3,280 feet.

The group of the Lofoden, three hundred and twelve miles long, follows the literal of Norway, from which it is separated by a channel, varying in width from twelve to forty-four miles. One can scarcely credit that four thousand human beings pass the winter in this archipelago, visited during the season by several thousand fishing smacks. The

number of cod caught on the average during one expedition amounts to twenty millions.

Now is the time to speak of the "Maëlstrom", which we have passed through, showing that this fatal, irresistible whirlpool should be relegated to the dangers only spoken of — in literature — like that of Scylla and Charybdis, known only to the fresh-water sailors, who row but on the school bench, or in the journalist's office. In summer, or on board a good steamer, the "Maëlstrom" is not perceptible. In bad weather, when the Western wind rages, there are as many "Maëlstroms" for these poor defenceless yawls, as there are openings between the islands. When they are capsized, each fisherman in the boat thrusts his knife into the keel and grabs in order to hold on until the rescue comes — or death. When the current drifts the wreck to shore, the inserted knives are counted. So many bodies taken in charge by that great Grave-Digger, — the Ocean!

In the place of a shipwreck in the whirlpool, we had an experience almost as dangerous for us, that of an English amateur concert. These gentlemen sang scarcely any other than sailor songs, which fact disarms criticism. One cannot expect of a sailor, who takes in the lower reef in the top-gallant sail in rough weather, to follow the measure

and pitch like an opera tenor before the footlights. But what can be said of our valliant accompainist, who endured without bewilderment the pitching of certain non-rythmical measures and the rolling of false notes? Ah! Mrs Gilmore, one must be an American, as well as a great pianiste, to attempt such an undertaking successfully.

Amongst the singers, we admired the sweet voice of Mrs Coates, her pretty figure, (the one does not interfere with the other), and her eyes of that indefinable brown color special to the Scotch. Miss Martin enjoyed at the same time a double success, both as artist and woman. The others, on the banjo and mandolin merited applause and public appreciation in spite of the latitude.

The evening finished by singing, according to the inevitable custom, " God save the Queen ". Every one remained on deck in order to see at last *The Midnight Sun* — Shall we see it? Shall we not see it? Such is the general greeting from every one. Alas! it is eleven o'clock, and the compact clouds look as though they intended cheating us. Half-past eleven; the thickness of the veil increases. It is nearly a quarter to twelve; all hope seems lost: the audience is furious. Savigny under his pelisse and two or three plaids, is gloomy and surly, and finally goes to bed, setting the example



to nearly all those on deck. The vicomtesse, on the contrary, by her perseverance encourages fearless ones to remain on deck in spite of everything.

Strange coincidence, just as quartermaster sounds the bell to a quarter to twelve, a break appears in the clouds. During a few seconds the sun, so unjustly condemned, nearly blinds us with his rays, as much as to say : Oh ! you wish to see me ? Well here I am ! Bang in the eyes ! There is a general outburst. The deserters rally around us in typical costumes. After the midnight sun, comes a midnight clergyman, clothed in a robe de chambre, which in no wise suggests the solemnity of the pulpit. On his head a cap, the visor of which caresses disrespectfully the back of His Reverence's neck. Here is another legend to efface from the catalogue, namely : that a clergyman is always closely buttoned in his frock coat, and tightly throttled in his snowy collar, totally disregarding either weather or time.

But all these people will not see the sun. The curtain has fallen, and, in spite of all the recalls, will not ring up again.





July 1.

I wonder what the passengers on the *Garonne*, or, at least, the greater part of them, would do, if they were obliged to cross the Pacific. Here is our second day without touching terra firma; we have not for one moment lost sight of land, which, as a rule, is sufficiently near for us to count the telegraph poles which follow us on both sides of the shore. However, ennui overcomes us. The unfortunate officers cannot appear on deck without being assailed with one monotonous question. "When shall we arrive at Tromsøe?" Already they are complaining that the porridge milk has a stale flavor, notwithstanding that it is kept in the refrigerator. Savigny has just shown himself critical in regard to his eggs.

Oh! good heavens. As for myself, we shall reach there but too soon! The weather is superb. The borders of the canal rejoice the eye by the pretty

verdure so green and fresh, and Parisian lungs expand to breathe the pure air which neither the neighbor's carpets, nor the neighbor's impurities, have been able to poison with microbes. The country seems prosperous, thanks to the considerable number of fish-merchant's establishments that the ignorant tourist takes for farms. I confess for my own part, this appearance of prosperity rendered me surly, for I imagined quite another thing. I expected to find every vestige of life disappear, and pictured Lapland (for at last we are there) as a great field of snow furrowed by the sledges drawn by reindeer. "Patience", said some one, "only return in October!" It is thus that the inhabitants of Nice console you when it freezes there, by the assurance that on the morrow there is a possibility of having tropical heat.

However, here we are at Tromsøe, more wooden buildings than ever, six thousand inhabitants, Prefecture, Museum, Normal School, Bishopric. But it is not a question of prefects, bishops, or even professors; what we want to see to-day are the Laplanders.

"Oh, look at the Laps!", some one cries "Here they are come to see us." In fact, a small boat, manned by a few of these brave fellows boarded the *Garonne*. Internally, I wished them all to the devil.



It was not in this manner I had anticipated making their acquaintance. I had dreamed of sur-



*A Laplander.*

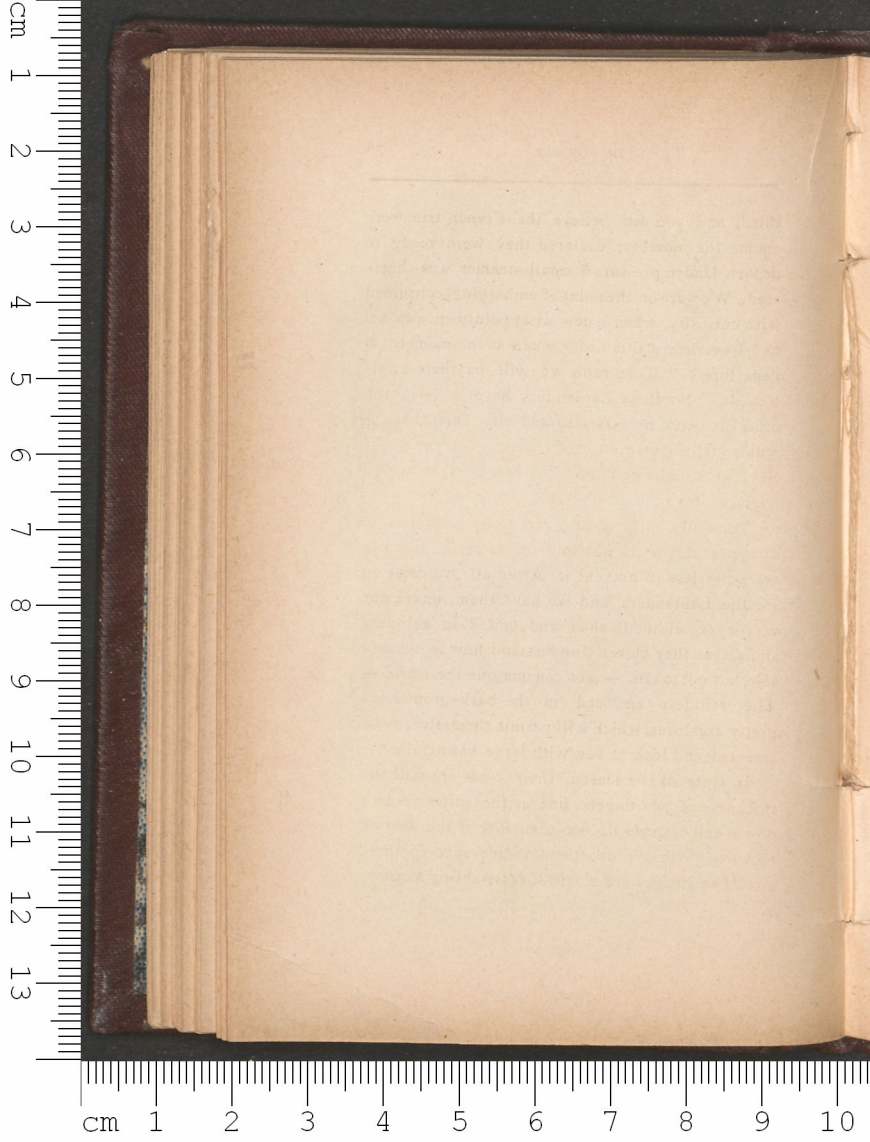
prising them beneath smoky huts, around a roast of whale, or fricassee of seal. My first impression of these tramps was spoiled when they said in English, " Good morning ", and began to spread

out on the deck trumpery wares of knives, tobacco-pouches, and slippers, of which the skin or bone of the reindeer had furnished the material. They are small, fair, and sprightly, of a very European physiognomy, with a grinning ugliness that I noticed in the Red-Skins, their eyes being generally disfigured by ophthalmia, which I should designate as their peculiar mark: also — they are full of vermin. One of them possessed in addition to the vermin another rarity, a wooden leg of a most practical kind. This old man (I afterwards learned he was thirty-four years old) attracted and interested me. Doubtless, the missing part of his body remained in the power, (that is to say in the stomach), of the enemy after a hand to hand tussle with a polar bear. I question him at a respectful distance (what a folly is this desire to fathom the truth!), and I learn that a surgeon has, in the most common-place way cut off his leg in a hospital! I do not wish to know more. I might end by discovering he had been in a railway accident, or had fought a duel with a journalist! But a consoling piece of news circulates. Three hours from here (by steamer), has been signalled a Lapland encampment, genuine Laps, genuine reindeer! "Who is to go on this excursion?" That is the question. Two thirds of the passengers preferred to visit the town. The other



*A group of Laplanders.*





third, and you can believe the French trio were among the number, declared they were ready to depart. Under pressure a small steamer was chartered. We were on the point of embarking, consumed with curiosity, when a new disappointment awaited us ! I overheard this order given at the moment of departure : " Telegraph we will be there at six o'clock. " So these Laplanders have a telegraph office ! It is not necessary to add after this, that the whole tribe were at their post to receive us. Savigny complained they did not meet us with a flourish of trumpets.

Assuredly, it is sad to see local color hourly disappearing in all quarters of the earth. But we are powerless to prevent it. After all, we came to see the Laplanders, and we have them, under our very eyes, clothed, shod and coifed in reindeer skins, that they cleverly understand how to cut and sew, but not to tan. — You can imagine the odor ! — The reindeer enclosed in the back-ground are pretty creatures, which will permit themselves to be caressed, and look at you with large beautiful eyes.

In spite of the season, their coats are still the thickness of two fingers, fine as the softes eider-down, and a shade lighter than that of the deer or roebuck, with a proportionate difference in their size. The sledges are of wood, ressembling a canoe,

cut through the middle, and are just sufficiently long to permit a man to be seated with his legs outstretched. In summer, in the absence of the snow, it glides, as best it can, on the earth and grass.

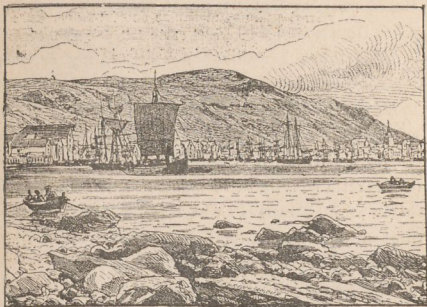
To recapitulate, the Lap race seem inoffensive, intelligent, but extremely indolent, like all human races dwelling in their primitive condition.

Together with some Lapland shepherds, who might be called the drones, there are the Lapland fishers, who follow a hard trade and live more or less after the fashion of their confrères the Norwegians. Politically, this tribe enjoys almost complete independence, although receiving its laws half from Stockholm, and half from St.-Petersburg. But this submission in reality exists only on paper, and doubtless neither Russia nor Scandinavia would take up arms in order to dispute for these undesirable subjects. The sun is still very high when we return to the *Garonne*, flooding the landscape with a superb glow.

The port of Tromsøe is furrowed by boats which come and go; active life seems in no wise abated. And yet it is eleven o'clock at night. But what a wonderful and fantastical sensation dominates all others in the presence of this heavenly body which seems rivited in the blue dome of the firmament. We must forget in a day the experience of our



whole lives during which every evening the sun has disappeared in order to mark the hour of rest. So then, even this law, which regulates day



*Tromsøe.*

and night, is not absolute. What then in this world is absolute?

Thus letting my reflections halt at this point in the philosophical domain, I seat myself at the supper table, for my appetite is in no wise influenced by astronomical anomalies. Suddenly I am called on deck, I spring up, my mouth full,

to find all the passengers grouped in a compact mass before a powerful camera. I graft myself well or ill on these human branches. A complete silence prevails. Then just at the moment that the ship's bell sounds the hour of midnight, the voice of the Norwegian Nadar is heard to exclaim :

" Do not budge ! "

Something however has budged, my supper, which is no longer there, when I return to the table to take my place. That is what one gains for running after glory !

With all that, it is impossible to go to bed by this dazzling daylight, so much so that no one even thinks of it. Towards three o'clock however (is it three in the morning, or three in the afternoon ? I no longer know, my brain is so confused), I seek my cabin worn out with fatigue, and at heart decidedly in a bad humor with this sun which makes fools of us all, and upsets everything.





July 2.

WHEN shall we see those landscapes without life and vegetation that were promised to us? In the South they tell us "Wait until you reach Trondhjem." At Trondhjem, they say "Wait until you reach Tromsøe."

Now Tromsøe is surrounded by meadows and shaded by birches that would make the Bois de Boulogne blush with shame. "Wait until we reach Hammerfest," said competent authority. At the North Cape however, shall we not find still another reference, as in a dictionary, which will tell us,

"See Spitzberg!"

In the meantime we heave anchor at midday, and for the first few miles follow a fjord more or less like other fjords. But suddenly, I know not either how or why, the scene changes, as if at the touch of a magic wand. This time it is dead nature,



in the true sense of the word, such as I had pictured it to be.

We follow close to the sides of the gloomy rocks

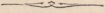


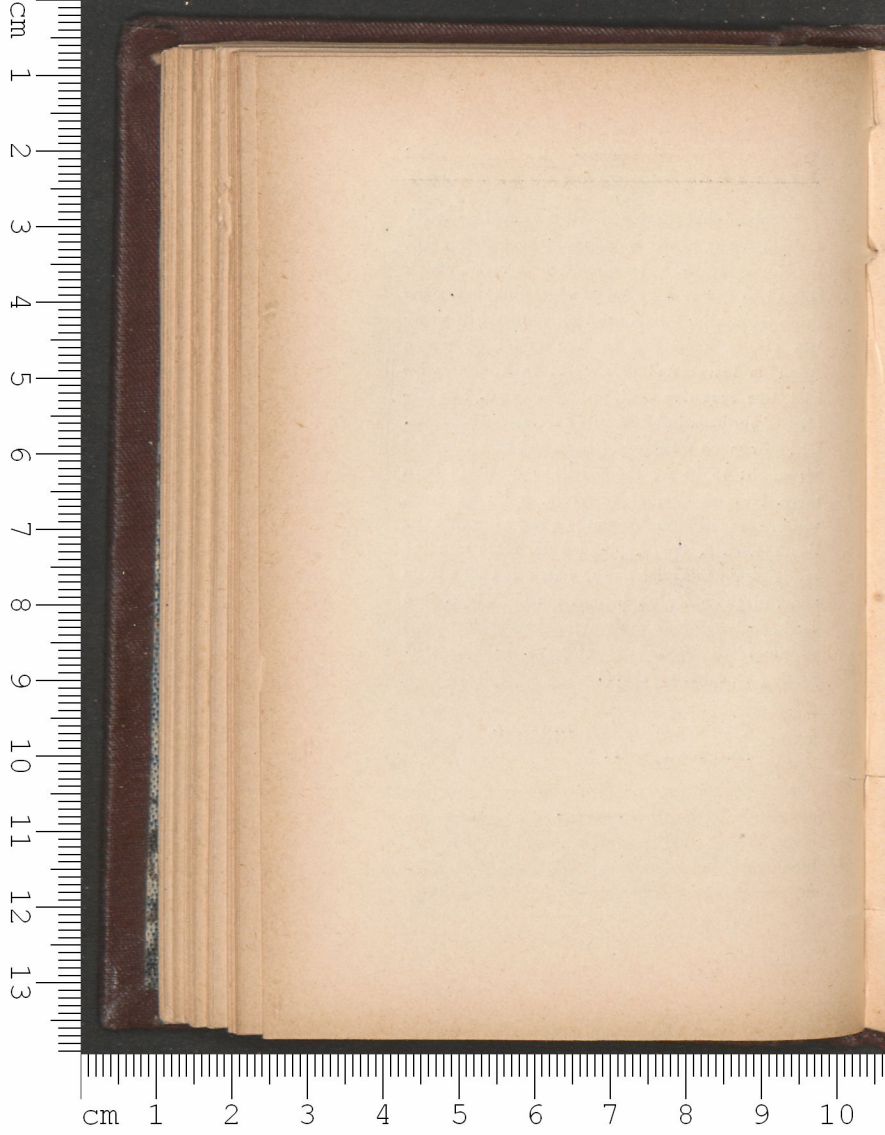
*A street at Hammerfest.*

of volcanic appearance, without a shrub or blade of grass, of so dark and forbidding a form, that one could fancy them the despairing regret of a life vanished forever. Between their jagged sides, instead of the flowing lava was to be seen the faded opal tints of glaciers without number.

"You might believe yourself to be at Magellan", exclaimed one of our company, who had doubled the famous straits. As for myself, these rocks, which seemed to ignore all idea of vegetation, made me think (naturally, minus the ice), of that belt of no less sterile mountains in the midst of which Aden is incinerated. Extremes meet. Excessive heat, like excessive cold, produces death. The climate of our beautiful France is a terrestrial paradise. Oh! how much we should love it, and how thankful we ought to be for the privilege of being born there. Nevertheless, at intervals, a bit of scant verdure carpets for a few weeks a slope towards the South-East. A few Lapland huts, some reindeer browsing on this poor grass, which is only a little moss, brighten for an instant the landscape. In a creek, sheltered from the waves, a codfish merchant has placed his shed and drying poles. — Think of passing an existence there!

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
Auri sacra fames!*









*July 3.*

**H**AMMERFEST! Honor to this brave little city of three thousand inhabitants, which is situated at the most elevated latitude of any town on the surface of the globe! In this season, day and night lighted by this brilliant sun, it seems tolerably habitable.

But from the 29th of October to the 6th of March, the life-giving orb will not permit even the edge of his disc to be seen.

And, as if this was not a sufficient trial, unfortunate Hammerfest was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1890. Following the example of Chicago, however, it was rebuilt in the twinkling of an eye. Alas! I very much fear this resemblance with the opulent city of the West ceases there. A strange fact is, that during these long nights of four months, the inhabitants cannot enjoy a good sleep. An intolerable restlessness takes possession of them, and

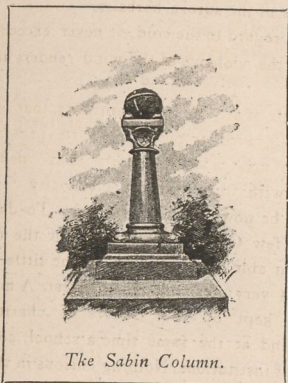
compels them to leave their beds at hours when the rest of the world slumbers. Complete darkness rarely exists, they live less in night, than in one long twilight, which is lightened by the reflections of the snowy ground frequently illumined by the splendors of the aurora borealis.

With regard to the cold, it never exceeds 15 or 16°, but the violence of the wind renders it insupportable.

In spite of all, business continues, that is to say the fishing, with its preparation, its packing, and sale. We must add that these brave people are blessed with the light of electricity. It could certainly be nowhere more suitable. To-day, Sunday, the few Catholic passengers of the *Garonne* have been able to hear mass in the little church, poor, but very clean, at Hammerfest. A miniature hospital, kept by four sisters of charity who superintend at the same time a school, completes the list of institutions. Nothing curious in this city, except some shops where the traveller is not overcharged. The tourist would do well to visit the shop of Mrs Elizabeth Schjetlein, a brisk, intelligent woman, who speaks good English. This information may be useful, for here one will meet with much difficulty in making oneself understood.

I must mention the granite column, surrounded

by an iron railing at the entrance of Hammerfest, which marks the point whence one of the observations was taken for measuring the terrestrial meridian.



*The Sabin Column.*

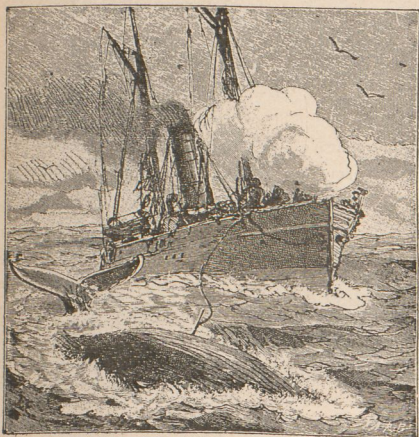
Would you believe, that every year some natives of this rude city, who have established themselves in rich America, cross the Ocean, in order to pass the Christmas fête in their birth-place and in the midst of their kinsfolk? An incomparable



example of the inborn love of man for his cradle!

And now it is time to regain the steamer, in order to accomplish our last stage. At midnight, should good luck attend us, we shall have the North Cape under our feet, and before us, the Arctic Ocean, that dismal route to the North Pole, the other extremity of which no traveller knows. At 7 o'clock in the evening, we perceive twenty miles distant, the enormous mass, whose imposing and boldly-drawn ridge, marks the most northern limit of Europe. There is no need to order "all hands on deck". We are all searching the horizon with our marine glasses, looking at the extreme point of our journey, this dark plateau, naked as the retaining wall of an ironclad casemate. Every now and then it rises above the level of the water. Now it is scarcely more than the rim of Neptune's mirror. Presently, it overtops the surface of the waves by its majestic presence. But the unexpected has in reserve for us a sensational scene, which makes us forget for an hour the spectacle announced on the programme. "Look at the whales!" some one cries out. Our glasses are turned from the stern, and directed to the port side. At a distance of more than a league, suddenly something arises on the surface of the grey water, gold-flecked from the reflection of the sun, which makes a pretence of

going to sleep, much like a stage king's feigned exit. But look! a little more than two miles to the



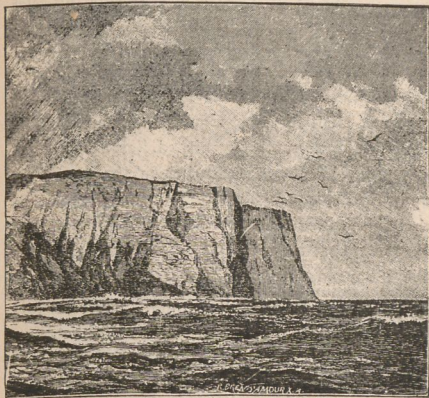
*The harpooned whale.*

North. There is a spout of water rising twenty feet up towards the sky—a second—a third—and then a fourth, all within the radius of a quarter of a mile.

A company of whales are playing within reach of us. Their great black bodies spotting the ocean like over-turned boats. Their motions seem quiet, gentle, almost voluptuous, though this cetaceous animal goes quicker than the most powerful steamer which cuts through the waves under pressure of three thousand horse-power. This is but the prologue of the spectacle. For there is another black point which marks the horizon. This, in the place of water, throws out from its funnel a dense smoke, leaving behind it upon the immense page of the ocean, a trail a mile long. It is a steamer going at full speed, flanked by a companion no less rapid, and it is evident that both of them bear a grudge against the whales we have been so platonically admiring. The huge game however scented the hunter. They dispersed, and took to flight, and we witnessed a struggle for velocity more curious than any we had ever seen. To the right, to the left, before and behind, the fatal water-spout betrayed the amphibious animal, incapable of remaining more than a minute under the protection of the waves, without breathing. There is compensation after all for being an *ordinary* fish. And the two light steamers, like two greyhounds following the endless doublings of a terrified hare in a flat country, stick to their prey; now near-



ing it, now losing sight of it, now recovering it,  
now threatening it. One of the " hunters " in



*The North Cape.*

its evolution, passed within a cable's length of the  
*Garonne*, and we could all see at the prow, the can-  
non ready to fire, from which goes forth the deadly  
harpoon.

The emotion of this matchless sport made us breathless. What would we not have given to have assisted at the death of one of these monsters ! But, the monsters on their side, have taken to the high seas, the steamers, however persisting in the chase. One of the two, almost lost to sight, has just fired, we see the white smoke of the discharge. The pursuit continues. Has the whale been harpooned ? — of that we shall for ever remain in ignorance. The game, the hunters, all are vanished. Same black pieces of gauze alone remain floating on the water, left upon the horizon by the smoking funnels, showing that this fantastic scene was not a dream. However, our screw has not remained idle, and during the episode I have just narrated, the *Garonne* has reached the North Cape. Here it is before us in a single bound, rising to an altitude of almost a thousand feet, an impassible cliff in its mightiness, diabolical in its aspect, completely black, without a vestige of snow.

The giant warrior in order the better to combat Neptune has cast aside his mantle of ermine which still clothes his neighbors. Oh ! the rough fight sustained since the beginning of the world, without witnesses, in the midst of this funereal polar night which lasts for weeks. I wish to share my enthusiasm with one of my companions : “ Dear sir, ” he

replied, holding his Baedeker in his hand, "Allow me to inform you that you have before your eyes an usurper, who is called the North Cape, but is really not the North Cape at all. You see on the right this promontory, of modest appearance, scarcely elevated above the level of the sea. That, is the legitimate North Cape, which gains three quarters of a mile in latitude over its fortunate rival. But it is with capes as with men. Physical advantages win the day. Until the end of time, this colossus of fine appearance, will usurp in geography the name of the North Cape; you have not even noticed the other, the true one, because it is smaller and less handsome."

But the devil take science! My beautiful rhapsody of a few moments ago must then be done over again? Well, so much the worse, let it remain. For the first time in my life, I have worshipped an unjustly established power. But, is it possible after all to scale the North Cape?

From the point where we are, the attempt seems stupendous, unless one possesses the wings of a bird.

But the *notice* posted up each morning announcing the amusing incidents of the day, holds out promises that we shall this evening put our foot on the North Cape, at the same time notifying us that the climb will be a rather "stiff one". The *notice*

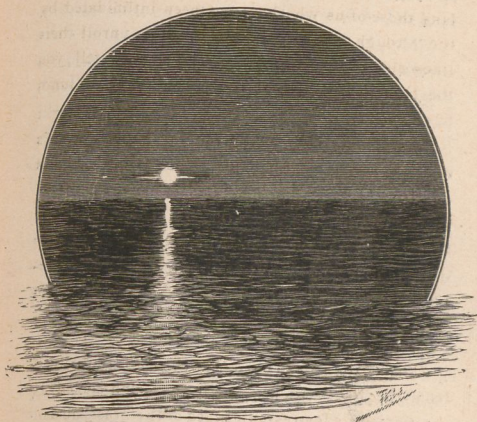


has not deceived us, for after following the sides of this gigantic bastion, we suddenly discover on the right a hollowing out, a natural sort of basin where already a little steamer rides at anchor. Our boats land those of us who have not been intimidated by the "tough climb" (the prudent ones unroll their lines and begin fishing for cod). Need I tell you the French held their own in heading the column of attack?

The ascension lasted an hour. It was accomplished in part, by pulling oneself up by main force with the aid of ropes, which take the place of banisters on this staircase without steps. A "tough pull", I should say so! Between ourselves, the iron rings which hold the ropes are none too solid. A timely warning: "Not to trust to the hand-rail" would have been not only good and prudent, but really welcome advice.

The staircase leads to a plateau, slightly inclined from the North to the South, level and naked as the glacis of a fortress. In place of the grass, absent even in June, the foot came in contact with bits of stone; some fields of lichen, the pale and leafless moss of the Arctic regions, some patches of snow just melting, forming little marshes and compelling us to make frequent détours. Sometimes in an imperceptible hollow of the earth, some shovels-

ful of black vegetable mould are overspread (heaven knows how it came there) by a minute vegetation,



*The Midnight Sun.*

from which spring microscopic pink roses. At last, fifteen minutes before midnight, we touch the last foot of European earth.

The sun is half veiled by light flakes of clouds, floating in the sky.

Before us, a party of eighty American tourists is scattered on many points of the Cape. All these men and women are busy looking at their watches. "Midnight", pronounced a voice. Suddenly the cheers, the hurrahs burst forth! The United-States flag, the Stars and Stripes, appears in every one's hand. Fireworks are let off, and the Midnight Sun seemed to modestly conceal himself at this ovation. — Sun, my friend, be not so modest, this ovation is not for you! The morrow, which commences before the evening's close is a date dear to the Yankees; the Fourth of July, the anniversary of their independence. It is one hundred and seventeen years since they wrenched themselves from Albion's power! This enthusiasm, as one may suppose, leaves the English a little cold. Their faces are clouded, whilst the national airs of Washington's children burst forth in full volume. "Rather stiff", might be appropriately said of the English, for evidently the situation has nothing agreeable in it for them, being not unlike that of a husband who finds himself in the same hotel with his divorced wife when just venturing on her second honeymoon. Soon, however, the Americans rush into a new portable shed, which is taken to pieces and carried



away after the month of July, and indulge their patriotic enthusiasm in — champagne! So we are masters of the North Cape. Some one that I know will not soon forget the sight of the Arctic Ocean spreading itself out beneath our feet for two-thirds of the circle of an immense horizon. The sea is admirable, the pure air in no wise cold, but of a delicious freshness. In place of ice, which I, in my ignorance, expected to see, the waves were flowing over a space of eighty leagues with all the prismatic hues of the rainbow, from the turquoise blue, which marks the extreme edge of the bow, to the orange-yellow which quivers to the centre in the sun's axis. On the right, a succession of snowy summits carries the eye to the first line of the mountains of Russian Lapland.

Overwhelming apotheosis to Nature! who could leave you without this emotion, this recognition (unknown to pessimists), which arise from the elasticity of the heart and the youth of the soul!

Besides the pitch-pine pavillion already mentioned, the only decoration of the North Cape consists of the obelisk, of modest Norwegian simplicity, raised in honor of the visit of Oscar II, ten years ago. Whom could this travelling monarch have decorated on this bleak and naked rock?

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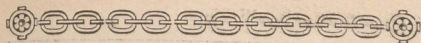
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July 4.

AT two o'clock in the morning, the *Garonne* gathered in all her company, veered round, and retraced her steps. The aim of the excursion is achieved, yesterday we were tourists, chasing round the world. To-day, we are citizens returning home. The form and extent of these notes will bear the impress of the fact.

The harvest is gathered in : but there will be found some gleanings on the road already traversed. To begin with, an interesting calling at the isle of Skor — a whaling establishment belonging to a Mr Jemer.

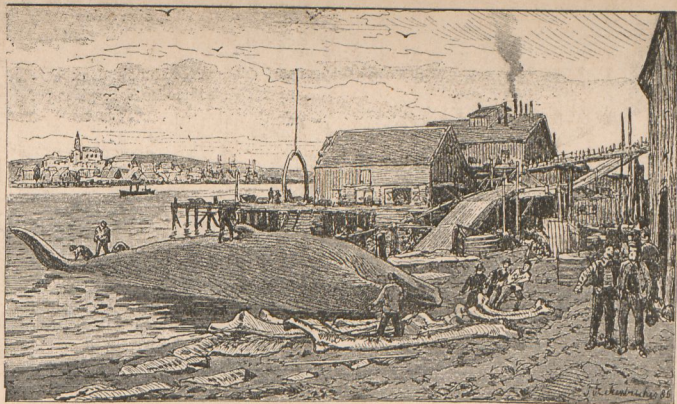
The owner is absent, in Tromsøe, where he is preparing to receive the Emperor William, who is coming to indulge in the sport of whale hunting.

In his absence, Mrs Jemer, a courageous, robust, intelligent woman, does the honors of her factory, without doubt one of the curiosities of the Nordland.

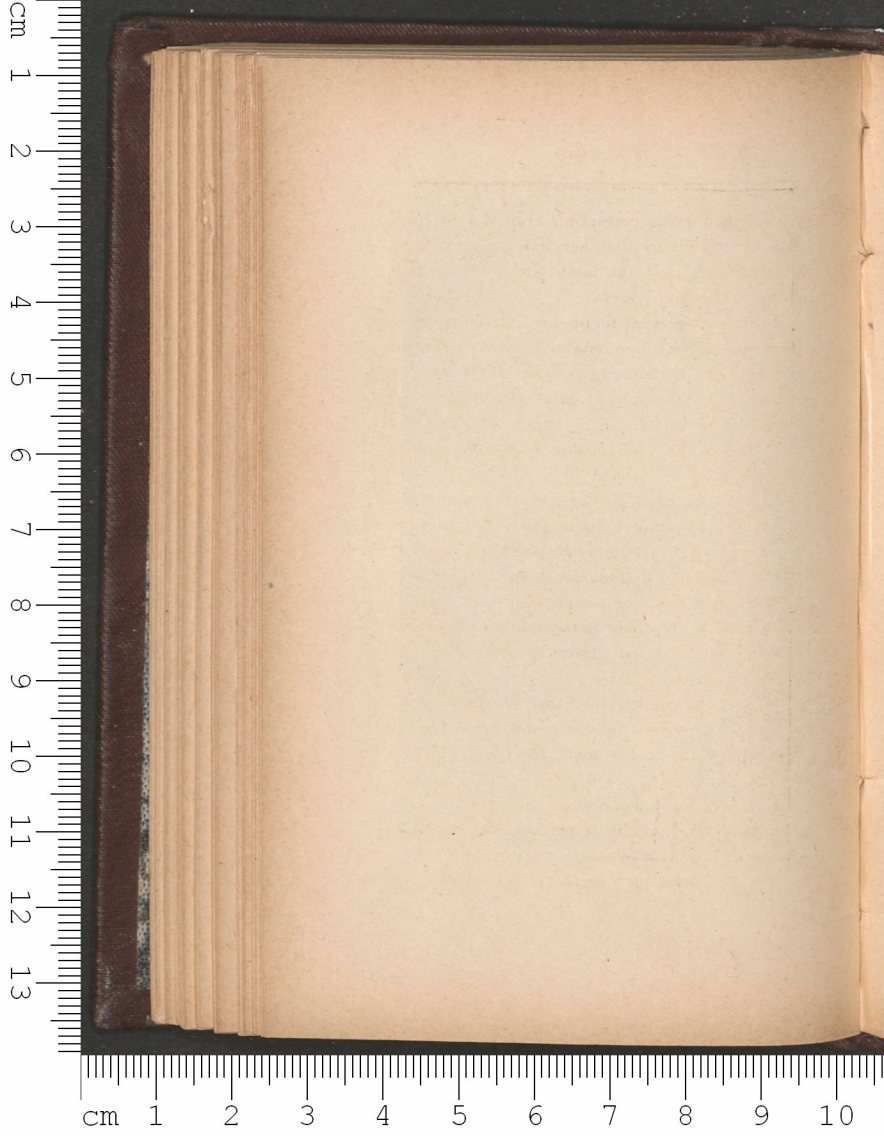


Ever since I visited Armour's establishment in Chicago, where five thousand hogs daily pass from the light of day to the eternal blackness of the tin box, I have not been compelled, as to-day, to let my heart descend lower than my chest, as the Japanese would say. What a horrible odor! Those who experience nausea on the extinguishing of a lamp should not visit Skor. Two whales are extended on the beach, changed into one clot of blood, filth, and grease. The men cut the flesh from off the monstrous beasts, leaving the bones bare. Several long bloody strips are hung out; one could fancy the eye resting on some stair carpet unrolled in an immense shop. A steam truck carries these fillets (not very tiny) by a slide to the first floor of the — kitchen!

The manipulation is all done by steam, using a veritable guillotine to cut the flesh in quarters which fall into boilers as large as those of a steamer. The oil, the stearine, and various substances, flow from these boilers into some hundreds of rows of barrels. Each of these whales, which we see there, (they are small ones) will give a clean yield of a thousand francs. I need not add, that nothing is lost. The bones are sawn up for the toy trade, or reduced to lamp-black. The ribs pass into your corsets, mesdames. Finally, the refuse is converted into manure. A conversion which does not take



*The Whaling establishment of the Island of Skor.*





place without being perceptible even at a distance. Mrs Jemer tells us that her husband owns two steam-whalers, and the most skilful cannon-harpooner in the Arctic seas.

In order to prevent the speedy extermination of the whale, it would be advisable to make a stringent law regarding the hunting of them. But it must be admitted that the role of gend'arme would be a difficult one !

We reach the Jemers' house by passing under a typical archway, formed of a whale's jawbone. A medium sized person could reach to a third of the height. We might believe after all, that the prophet Jonah was a thousand times more comfortable in this living sleeping-car, than he would have been in those that our companies to-day place at the disposal of travellers. In re-passing Tromsøe, we find the sun and our American friends of the preceding night.

Neither the one nor the other dream of going to bed. The *Neptune*, filled with the children of the Sister-Republic, makes more row than a whole flottilla.

She fires her cannon, sends off fireworks, her orchestra rages, and it is needless to say she is bedecked from stem to stern.

We hav before us a decidedly gay vessel!

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July 5.

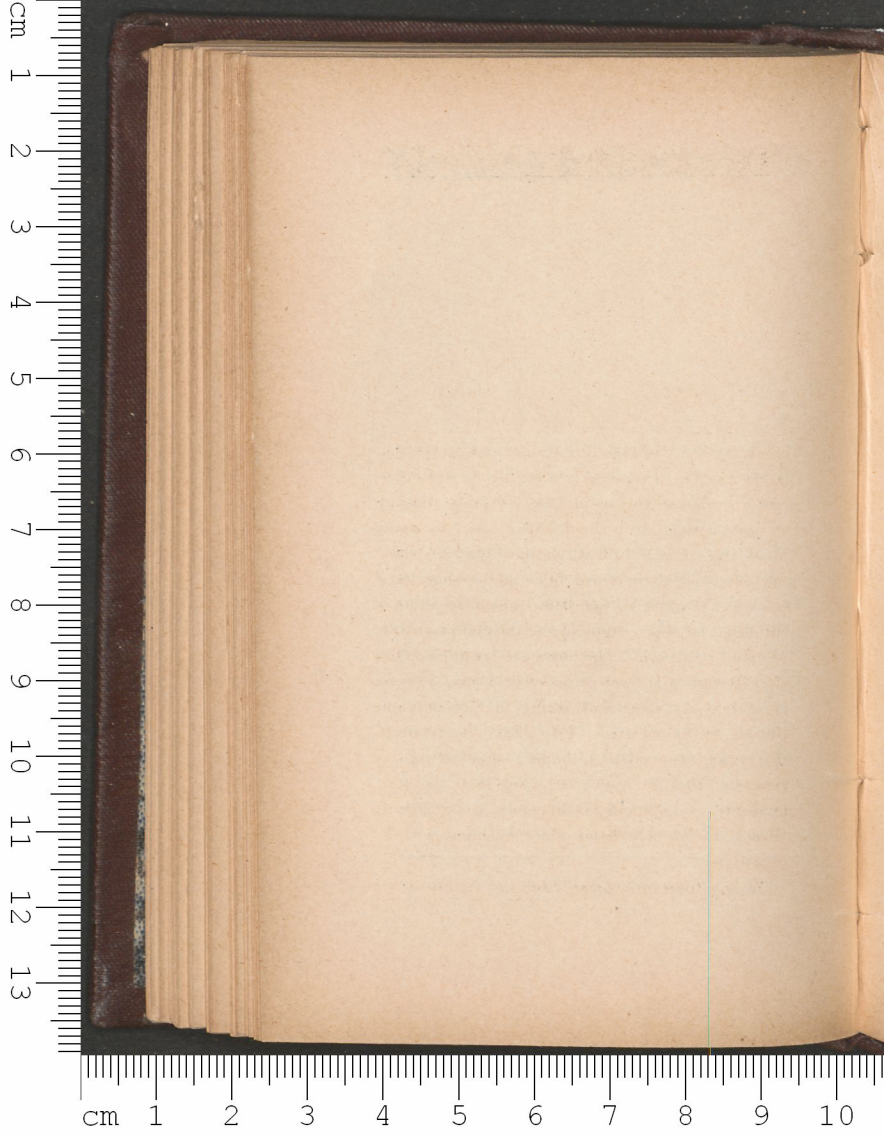
A day without interest, generally passed in recuperating the sleep lost during the preceding nights. The Midnight Sun is fine, but in the long run is exhausting.

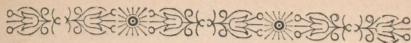
However, we have pushed on, our day's reckoning has been fifteen or twenty knots in the Lofoden (Raft Sund), but as we have already advanced some distance towards the South of the archipelago, the character of the scenery is no more arctic, although quite picturesque. A boat, which we meet carrying three ladies in large hats and shaded with parasols, completely misleads us. I flatter myself I am as gallant as any one, — but, at this moment of writing, an encounter with an iceberg crarying three white polar bears, would be decidedly more pleasing to me, than this "bougivalienne" <sup>1</sup> apparition.

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1. i. e. Parisian; Bougival being on the Seine.







July 6.

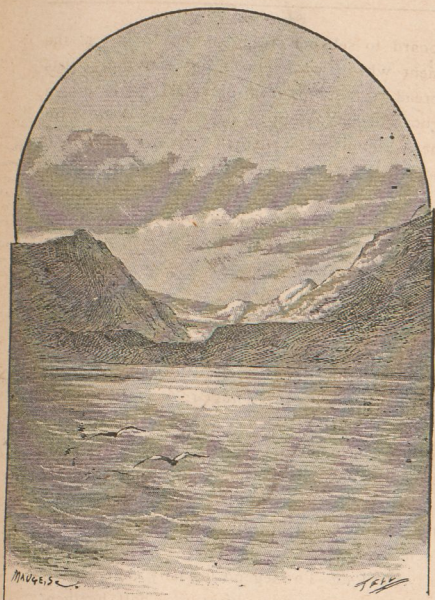
Y salute the last really curious number on our  
X programme. In the early morning we are at the  
end of the fjord, very wild but pleasantly wooded.  
an unexpected sight is the double glacier, inclosing  
in its two arms a hill all verdure, and of which  
the descent, in the form of a horse-shoe, only  
stops at the water's edge, being much lower than  
our deck. These are some of the anomalies only to  
be found in Norway. The boats are let down, a few  
strokes of the oars put us on terra firma, and we  
are before a glacier, but seeing in fact only the  
ribbons of the Svartisen belt. The glacier itself,  
that which the wooded hillside conceals from our  
view, measures thirty-five miles in length and ten,  
in breadth. Inhabitants of Chamonix, your "Mer de  
Glace" is only a "parfait glacé" compared to the  
Svartisen.

A poor peasant woman from the vicinity came

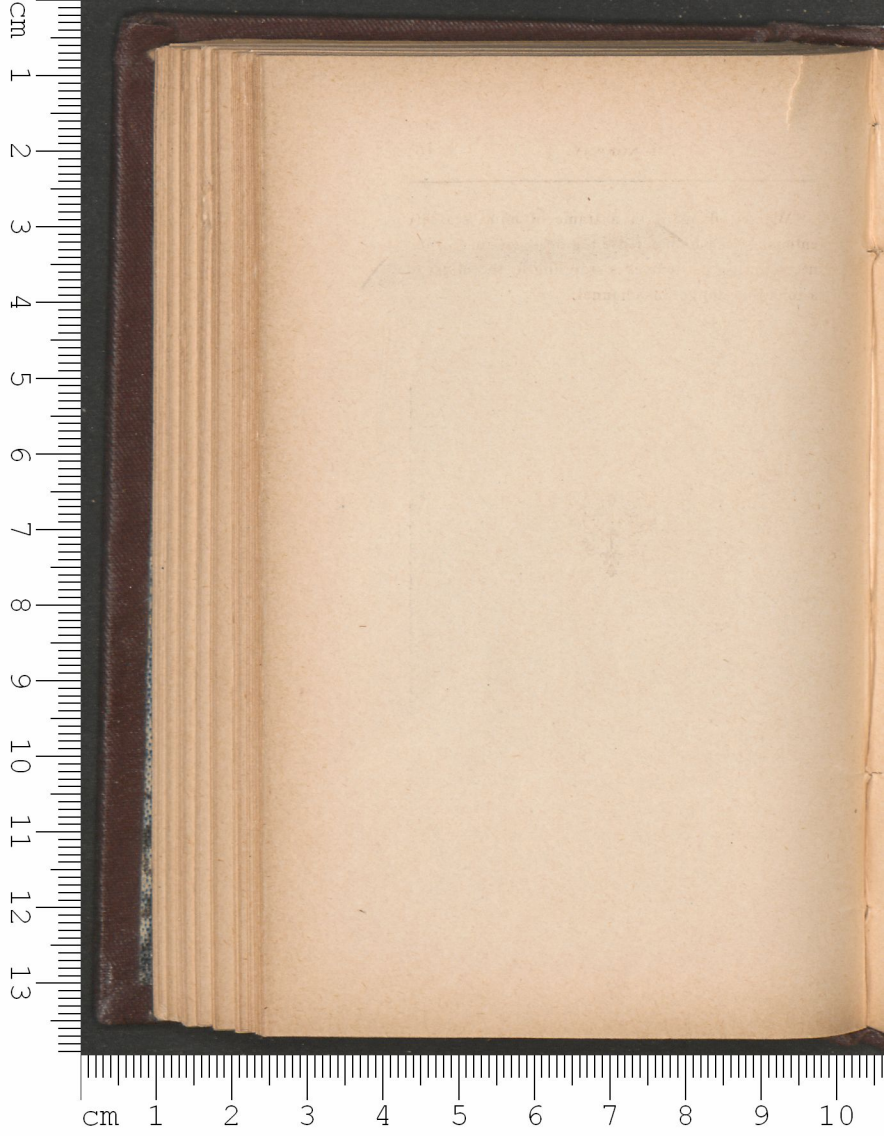
on board to sell her cream and milk, just at the moment when two or three basketsful of crusts of-bread, the scraps from breakfast, were thrown overboard. She stopped, gazed at them with pathetic astonishment depicted on her face, then burst into tears. So much bread lost! Bread, in this country where the smallest grain of wheat must be brought several hundred miles, is a *rarity*. We have dried the tears of the poor woman however. Heavens, let us hope she may not have been first cousin to that old gentleman who tried to sell us his plate from the family sideboard!

At midnight, we stopped to admire the Torghtatten, the gem of Norwegian curiosities (after the Norwegian himself). It is a huge rock, eight hundred feet high, situated on the Torget islands, resembling in form and roundness, the hat of our gend'arme. That which makes this rounded hill famous, is the fact that Nature has completely pierced it with a tunnel, through the opening of which the sky can be seen. The perforation is about five hundred and twenty feet long. The legend is easily explained by one of the innumerable adventures, half heathen, remains of the ancient mythology of the Normans. In short, thanks to a pouring rain, to the lateness of the hour (12 P. M.) and perhaps also to satiety, Torghtatten has not been much of a success.





*The Swartisen Glacier.*



We set off again in a frame of mind scarcely enthusiastic, which a dense fog does not ameliorate, necessitating as it does a stopping in the midst of a tolerably dangerous channel.





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July 7.

A day of constant travelling without incident. In the evening, a very funny concert gotten up by the stewards. These young fellows, all English, have true voices, sometimes quite musical, but, what is most noticeable in them, is their entire self-possession born of their unconsciousness and is one of the virtues of the race.

The Englishman *sees* simply, bringing his attention to bear on the aim to be attained. The Frenchman, more artistic, and for that reason more vain, is preoccupied by the personal effect he will produce, He is self-conscious, so his neighbors say, and if he is not corrected by experience or education, immediately becomes paralyzed by nervousness. One of our stewards accompanied his comrades on the piano, in a style which would have done credit to a young man of good family, executing in a mediocre manner indeed, but with a correct ear.

Another, marvellously disguised as a cockney, convulsed his audience with laughter, by giving some imitations of characters seen in the music-halls of London. Shall we dare, to-morrow, to bully these " gentlemen " if they compel us to wait for our porridge, or tuck in our sheets badly? At midnight, for the first time for many days, it is difficult to read without the aid of a lamp. At last we go to sleep!





July 8.

WEATHER disagreeable, cold and rainy.  
In addition to which, all our sprightly passengers have retired to the privacy of their cabins to invent, combine, and arrange their costumes for the fancy-dress ball of this evening. For several days the *notice* on the main-mast has prepared us for this family fete. We anchored at Bergen at 8 o'clock in the evening. The first stroke of the violin was given at 9 o'clock. The deck, transformed into a ball room, presented a charming scene, nothing was wanting but another hundred or more dancers. Costumes were generally successful. The French masculine representatives in the correct swallow-tail. The vicomtesse as a Japanese, at least, so she says. To positively affirm that the Mousmés of Kyoto would have been deceived, would, I confess, be going a little too far, but of one thing I am certain, they would have been jealous

For instance, all the Norwegians in the kingdom would have believed they had in the pretty Miss Martin, a compatriot. She wore the national costume with so much grace, that these Norwegians in the future will always make an attempt in my eyes to copy her (without success). A hearty supper, luxuriously served, and, which was still better, quite worthy of our first-class cooks.

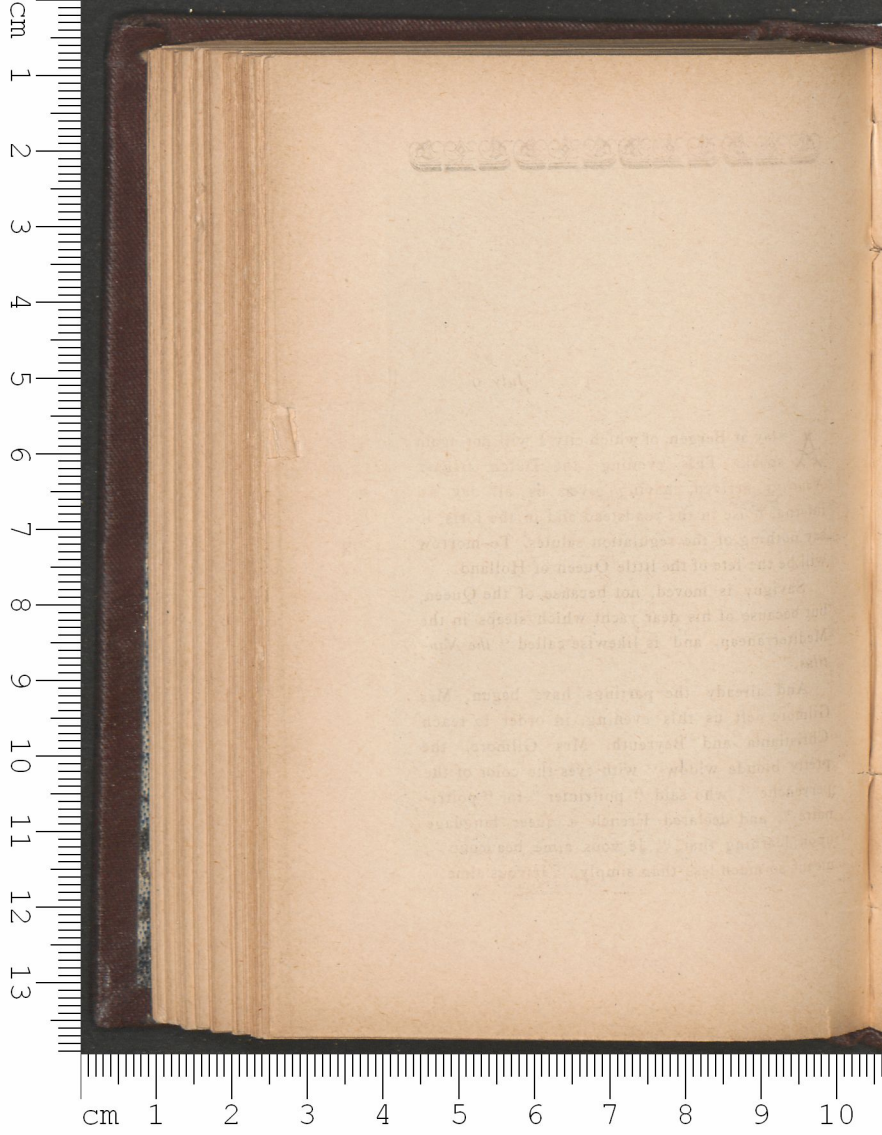




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*Some of the passengers of the "Garonne".*





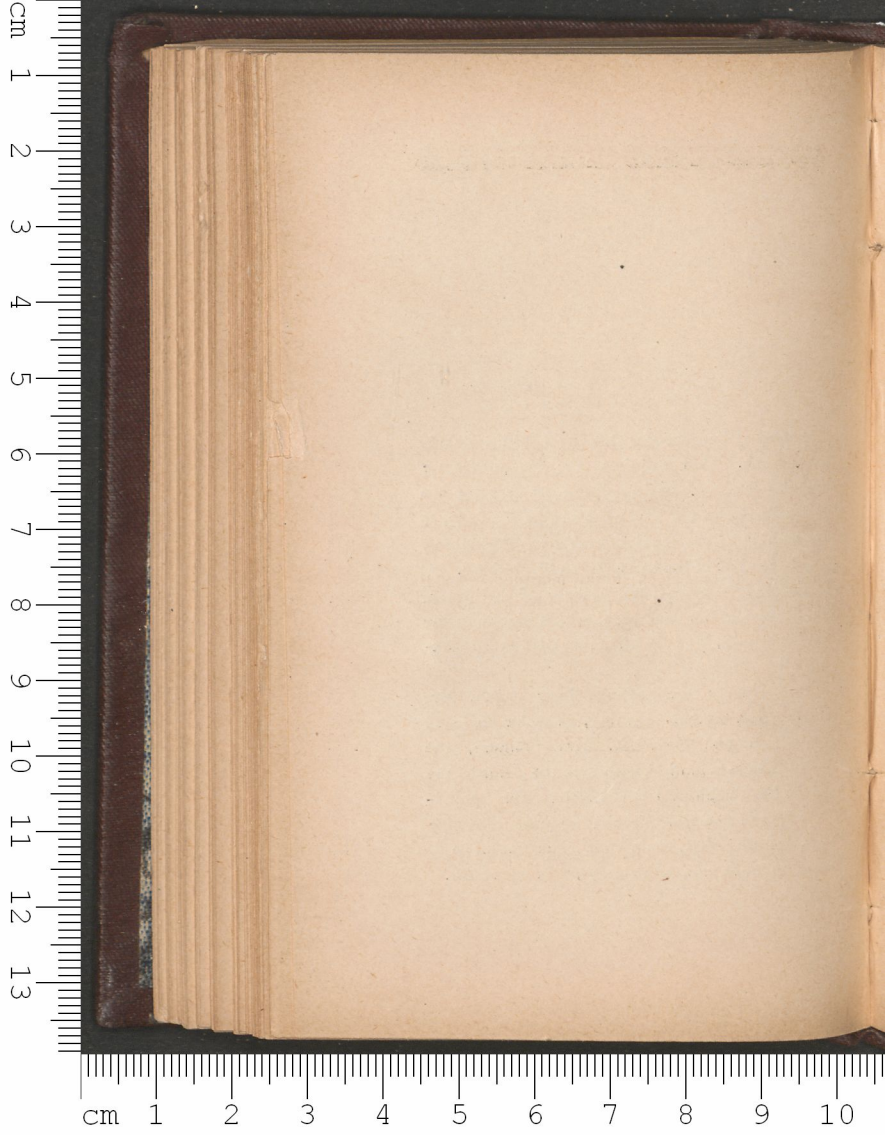


July 9.

A stay at Bergen, of which city I will not again speak. This evening, the Dutch frigate *Nautilus* arrived, having given us all day an infernal noise in the roadstead and in the forts, to say nothing of the regulation salutes. To-morrow will be the fete of the little Queen of Holland.

Savigny is moved, not because of the Queen, but because of his dear yacht which sleeps in the Mediterranean, and is likewise called "*the Nautilus*."

And already the partings have begun. Mrs Gilmore left us this evening, in order to reach Christiania and Beyreuth. Mrs Gilmore, the pretty blonde widow "with eyes the color of the pervenche", who said "poitrinier" for "poitrine", and declared French a queer language upon learning that, "*Je vous aime beaucoup*", meant so much less than simply, "*Je vous aime*."

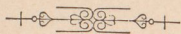






*July 10.*

WE crossed the North Sea which was like a lake beneath a radiant sun. All day Norwegian fishing boats, which have come from a distance of two or three hundred miles in the open sea, encircle us with a belt of white sails. Tomorrow, at six o'clock in the morning, we shall anchor in the Scotch port of Leith; so reads the notice.



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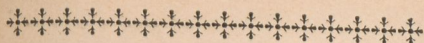
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*July 11.*

MAN proposes, and the Fog disposes! At 2 o'clock in the morning, the first sound of the fog-horn; a minute afterwards, a second, and so on continuously until 11 o'clock in the evening.

What have we been doing for these nineteen hours? It is a case of repeating the famous saying of Revolutionary days: "We have existed!" Which means we have played, without being caught, at "Blind Man's Buff" with the rocks in the mouth of the Forth, with the small and large vessels, which jostle each other in every direction. To tell the truth, could one trace on these pages the course we have been following, the reader might imagine he saw a picture of a skein of thread entangled by a cat. It is the feeling of propriety alone which has deterred me from



sticking upon the mast the following advertisement between the precious *notice*, and the daily list of the "Lost and Found" — "Lost : In the vicinity of Leith, a steamer of 3,500 tons answering to the name of *Garonne*. Kindly return the same to the above-mentioned port; liberal reward."

At last, by good luck, we have been found, at eleven o'clock in the evening, just where we should have been at six in the morning. Try to imagine, or rather not to imagine, the moral condition of the passengers, half dead, some from ennui, some from anxiety, terrified by this unceasing sound of the fog-horn for nineteen hours, and upset in all their plans.

Thus a large number of Londoners have decided to land this evening. The Savignys, who would have believed it! abandon their companion. It is the first regret which they have caused me since we started. A steamer came along side of us. The transportation of the passengers and baggage is accomplished by the pale light of torches. One could fancy a disabled vessel in mid-ocean, whose passengers are being rescued by a life-boat.

All is ready. The coupling-irons are withdrawn. On each vessel a deafening hurrah of the re-echoing adieux. And, without even having cast anchor, the *Garonne* continues her course, towards the South

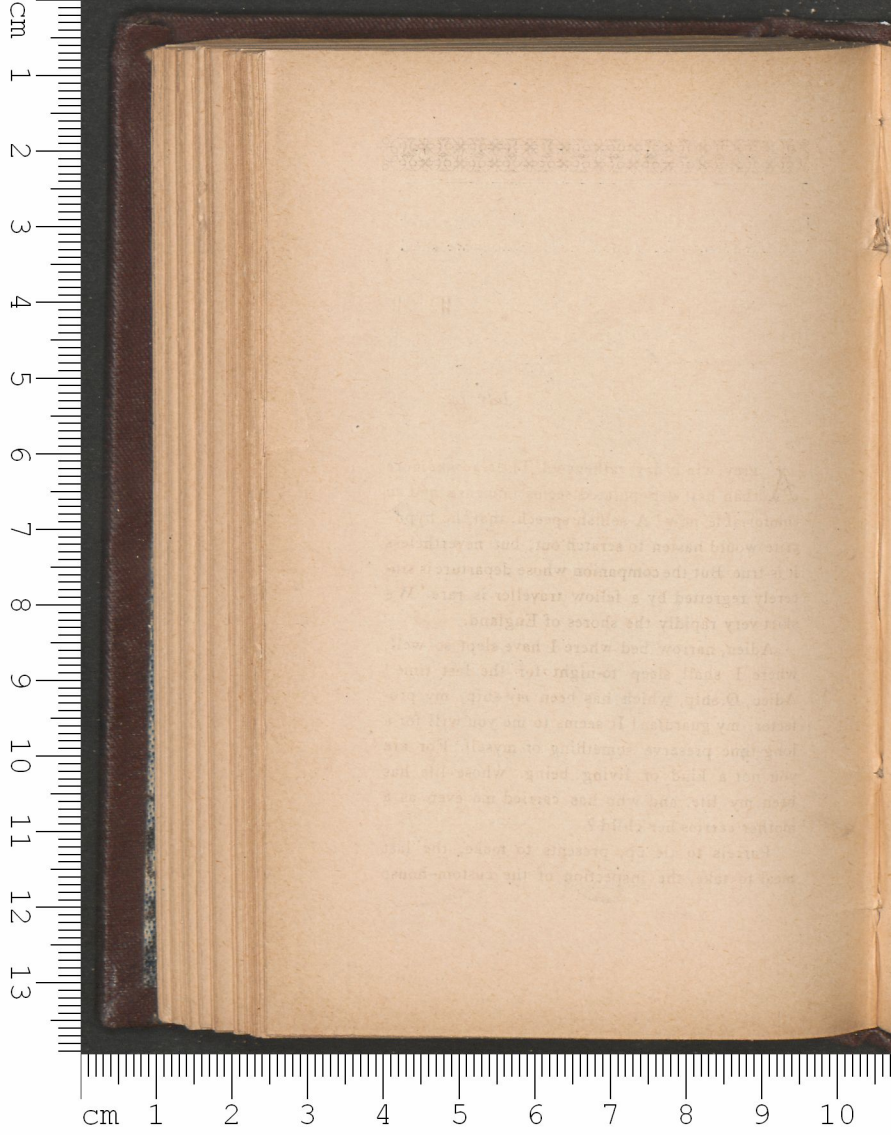
this time, whilst the tug-boat lands those who have been our friends for a month, and whom we shall



*Vicomtesse de Savigny de Moncorps.*

never probably see again except by some unexpected chance.









July 12.

A grey, windy day, rather cool. The *Garonne* more than half depopulated seems immense, and so comfortable now! A selfish speech, that the hypocrite would hasten to scratch out, but nevertheless it is true. But the companion whose departure is sincerely regretted by a fellow traveller is rare. We skirt very rapidly the shores of England.

Adieu, narrow bed where I have slept so well, where I shall sleep to-night for the last time! Adieu, O ship, which has been *my* ship, my protector, my guardian! It seems to me you will for a long time preserve something of myself. For are you not a kind of living being, whose life has been my life, and who has carried me even as a mother carries her child?

Parcels to tie up, presents to make, the last meal to take, the inspection of the custom-house

officers. Then the debarkation at Tilbury Docks, in a pouring, English, penetrating rain. A last hand-shake at the station of Fenchurch Street, and — it is over.



—\*—  
IN this epoch of literary pessimism, the relating  
of an excursion that is entirely without disa-



*Léon de Tinseau.*

greeable incidents or dramatic interest, runs the  
same danger of seeming insipid (alas! a novelist



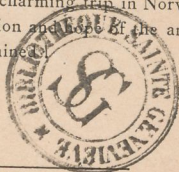
knows it only too well), as would be the story of a married couple, who, until old age, remain in love with each other, without losing their illusions, without infidelity and without regret.

Nevertheless, the picture of unshaken conjugal felicity has sometimes been known to give to the young reader, who stands hesitating on the dreaded threshold, fresh courage to step across, and (a boon still rarer) the joy of finding the realization of his dream.

Perchance it may be the same regarding this short "Odyssey" in which is lacking both storm and shipwreck, and during which we have experienced neither heat, cold, hunger, thirst, ennui nor fatigue.

It may be that a tourist, fond of his personal comfort, and undecided in which direction to turn his footsteps, after having perused this little volume, will wish to follow the same route, and thus will make, in reality, a charming trip in Norway.

If so, the ambition and hope of the author will have been fully attained.



Seeaux. — Printed by Charaire and Co.







